I Can Dream About You

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I Can Dream About You

by orphan_account

Summary

Will Graham's therapy is going surprisingly well. Until he trades his nightmares for wet dreams about his therapist, Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

if you're looking for slow burn, this is not it just FYI

Notes

just a quick fyi: in my little dirty fantasy here we live in a world where Dr. Lecter is a) not a cannibal and b) able to help Will sort out his work from his reality. i'm picturing it in season one somewhere.

See the end of the work for more notes

this is where the fun begins

"Will," Hannibal opened the door to be greeted by his ever-punctual patient. "Come in, please." He stepped back slightly and opened the door wider. Will walked in sideways to avoid a chance at physical contact, but Hannibal brushed his shoulder with his own anyway as he went to close the door sooner than necessary.

Typically, Dr. Lecter's patient roamed around the room before settling into conversation and making his way to the leather chair that awaited him. Today, Will went straight for the chair, brow furrowed, body tense.

"How was your day?" The good doctor inquired, unbuttoning his jacket as he sat down, choosing to cross his legs instead of mirroring his patient, whose legs were splayed open.

Will exhaled heavily through his nose, pursing his lips. "It was fine, actually. Wrapped up a case today. Didn't see anything too gruesome. One could say that, if I was an ordinary man, it would be a good day." Hannibal nodded slowly. Will's posture and facial expression conveyed that it had not been a good day.

"But you are not an ordinary man," Hannibal prompted, face twitching with something akin to a smile. Will gave him an exasperated look. Hannibal raised his eyebrows.

"When I don't have something to occupy my thoughts," Will began hesitantly, but continued, "My mind goes elsewhere. I'd rather have my mind consumed with work sometimes than focus on what I lack in other ways, if you understand me."

Dr. Lecter, did, in fact understand him. He decided he would pretend he didn't, even though he knew Will would see right through him. That was okay, Will would answer anyway. He trusted him.

"I'd like to hear more about that, Will," He rested his hands comfortably on his lap and sat back fully in his chair, his open shoulders conveying that he was ready to fully listen to whatever Will wanted to tell him.

Will sighed. "You know I'm usually buried at work. There's always some new bloody case to work on. But - well, lately they haven't been affecting me the same way. I don't know if it's our conversations or...or what, but I've been able to keep the things that usually give me nightmares resigned to the office. I walk away from a crime scene or go home, and my mind is - well, it's clear."

Hannibal fought the urge to preen at his successful therapy. With just a little work he had already separated out Will's mindset. He'd have a celebratory drink about that later. Perhaps even with Will himself.

"I am very pleased to hear that, Will," The curly-haired man looked up from where he had been talking at his knees and gave Dr. Lecter a small smile. "But there is something else bothering you."

The smile vanished and Will stood abruptly. Then he sat again. Hannibal watched with interest. What was going on in that magnificent head of his?

"Now that I have more free time in my head to think about things other than murder, I am aware of what I lack." Will blushed. "I'm having an issue with...with wet dreams, Dr. Lecter."

Now that was something he truly hadn't been expecting. What a wonderful man this Will Graham was. Never failed to throw something interesting into the mix.

Hannibal licked his lips and gave a halfway shrug. "It is only natural that your body should crave sex after your mind did not let you encounter it for such a long time. Have you had any sexual encounters lately?"

Will looked at him disapprovingly. "Isn't that an off-limits topic, Dr. Lecter?"

Hannibal smirked. "Not if my client is experiencing sexual issues. How else will I aid in solving those issues, if I do not know the sexual situation?"

"Touche, okay," Will rolled his shoulders and shook his head. "To answer your question, no I have not had any sexual encounters lately. My attraction to people comes and goes, really." He chanced a look up into Dr. Lecter's face to see curiosity, plain and simple, his unique eyes hidden in shadow with the lighting in his office. He bit his lip and looked away.

"So, you are experiencing sexual desire. But having a hard time identifying who you would choose to gratify that desire." Will thought about it for a second before nodding. "You say you have been having wet dreams, Will, but have you been masturbating?"

Will cleared his throat, a lush red flush coating his cheeks again. Hannibal noticed that his ears were tinged pink too, from where curls had been waywardly tucked behind an ear and let himself smile softly.

"Uh, no. No, I haven't. I usually wake up from - from," He waved his hand in the air to find the words. "The dreams as I um, finish."

Hannibal nodded, the mental picture in his brain making his body take notice. He casually shifted his legs, un-crossing and re-crossing the opposite way. The idea of one Will Graham waking up mid-orgasm, perhaps from rutting into the bed or shoving a hand down his pants unknowingly was one he would not soon forget.

"Do you remember who your dreams involve?" Will snapped to attention at the question. Hannibal could see his defenses rise immediately.

"And why is that pertinent?" He rushed, crossing his arms over his chest.

Hannibal sighed, giving Will a flat look. "Our dreams reveal many truths, Will. While the person you are dreaming of may not necessarily be an ideal sexual partner, it can help you know where to look. That is why I asked about your masturbatory habits. There must be someone or something you fantasize about that can help you achieve orgasm."

Hannibal decided that Will was going to be a tomato for the rest of the evening. A flush suited him. Hannibal was imagining various other scenarios in which he would keep Will's skin flushed and wanting.

He un-crossed and re-crossed his legs again.

"I -" Will stopped himself. "I don't - or haven't masturbated, lately. My mind was too fucked up before I started therapy with you to even consider it, and only recently has this sexual awakening," He rolled his eyes at his own word choice, "Been happening."

"That didn't answer my question, Will," Will opened his mouth to say something but Dr. Lecter held a hand up to indicate he wasn't finished. He knew it was paining Will to talk about this so openly, so he decided to ease up slightly. "But that is fine for tonight's session, we've already made significant progress. I am, however, going to suggest a slightly unethical project that I need you to report back to me on."

Will raised his eyebrows, interested. "And what might that be, Dr. Lecter?"

Hannibal leaned forward, uncrossing his legs. A smirk settled on his lips, lips that Will looked away from, choosing instead to stare at a prominent cheekbone. "Masturbation. Your job is to orgasm, Will, and tell me who came to mind when you did so."

Will's mouth dropped open - he closed it quickly. "You can't be serious."

"And why not?" Hannibal rose from his chair, buttoning his jacket back up out of habit. He needed a glass of wine.

"Because that's private information."

Hannibal let out a small laugh. "Will, you've already divulged that you're having wet dreams. It is obvious that they must be about someone unorthodox or else you would have given me that tidbit as well. So, orgasm when you're not asleep, and make yourself come to a vision of someone you're comfortable with."

Will squirmed in his seat at Hannibal's words. His dick was perking up at the thought of masturbating and orgasming and Dr. Lecter saying, "make yourself come."

"Okay, I get your point," Will conceded, not entirely sure if he did, but what else was he supposed to do? Every time he had a wet dream, Dr. Lecter was in it. Not only was he in it, but he was also the one fucking into Will or taking Will's cock into his mouth, or Will's personal favorite, the one Will was fucking into. His eyes drifted down to Hannibal's ass, perfectly outlined by his charcoal gray slacks, the curve showing even beneath a layer of suit jacket. He squeezed his eyes shut and opened them back up to find a glass of red wine being offered to him. He took it and immediately drowned half the glass. Hannibal looked amused.

The more Will thought it over, it probably would be a good idea to see what scenarios he could conjure up while he actively was not trying to picture his cock in Hannibal's mouth. He glanced over at Dr. Lecter who took a small sip from his wineglass before setting it atop a coaster.

"Anything else you'd like to discuss tonight before our time is up?" Hannibal asked gingerly. The slight scent of arousal coming off Will was intoxicating.

Will shook his head, drowned the other half of the wine that really deserved to be savored, and stood. "I'll start the project tonight," Once he remembered what the project was, he blushed. Hannibal laughed, not at him, but with him. "And I'm sure I'll see you around before our next session."

Hannibal stood as well, hand coming to press on the small of Will's back for a moment as he opened the office door for him. "Have a good night Will," A teasing glint appeared in his eyes that looked like pools of honey in the orange glow of his waiting room. "Enjoy your evening."

"Thanks Dr. Lecter," Will muttered. "You too." He stopped in his tracks but shook his head, unable to resist a smile as he heard Hannibal chuckle behind him.

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this is where the fun continues

Chapter Summary

after the therapy session where Will let Dr. Lecter in on what was happening in place of nightmares, he begins the experiment, already aware of the conclusion.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After Will left his office, Hannibal was in a better mood than he anticipated. He re-corked the half bottle of wine and slid it back in its place, downing what was left in his glass as he went about cleaning his office up for the next day of patients.

What wouldn't he give to know what ideas cropped up in that pretty little head of Will Graham's; would he be demanding in bed? Or would he let someone take over? He pictured Will squirming beneath him; begging Hannibal to sit on his cock already. He shuddered at the thought, smiling to himself.

From the way Will had avoided his gaze, shifted restlessly in his seat, and wouldn't let him in on even the gist of his wet dreams, he had a sneaking suspicion that he had been the subject of at least one of them.

He was more than fine with that suspicion. In fact, he was pleased.

Hannibal frowned as he began to doubt himself. He had reassured Will in their session that dreams were just that: dreams. They didn't necessarily mean that one would take those same actions in everyday life. What if Will had a dream about Hannibal, but was nervous about telling Dr. Lecter because he didn't want to offend when he said that if he tried to imagine it in reality, it didn't turn him on one single bit?

It was obvious to anyone who observed Will and Hannibal: the two did have a fondness and friendship that differed from most colleague relationships. But Will was consistently surprising. Hannibal, generally able to predict reactions and ideas, was regularly caught off guard with Will's revelations. Such as the one he had told Hannibal in tonight's therapy session.

The thoughts about what was to come as a result of the little project he had assigned Will were intriguing, nonetheless.

He laughed quietly to himself on the drive home, glad his flirtation disguised by a "project" had seemingly gone unnoticed by Will. It would be evident soon enough, as they continued their sessions that Hannibal was interested in Will as more than a patient - it was obvious to

everyone except for the smart boy himself, apparently, if Beverly Katz's eyebrow wiggling whenever they were around each other was any clue - but it had to be approached correctly.

In the meantime, he would have a little fun, and if he was being honest with himself, help Will Graham sort out his desire whether it involved him or not.

But if for tonight he found a release by imagining Will going so far as to show Dr. Lecter how exactly he touches himself while they were having their weekly "conversation," that was nobody's business but his own.

~

"Are you guys hungry?" Will cooed as he kneeled inside the front door of his home, letting his dogs get the attention they deserved. He dutifully scratched and petted all of them before his own stomach growled, indicating that he, too, was ready for dinner. "Come on, let's eat."

When the dogs were settled with their meal and fresh water, Will meandered over to his fridge to pull out leftover frozen pizza. After a reheat in the microwave, he grabbed a bottle of beer, and sat down on a rickety barstool by his kitchen counter, his session with Dr. Lecter playing on a loop inside his head.

He had gone into the office not intending on divulging that he'd started having wet dreams. But it just came out. Even though it was embarrassing, and a little disconcerting that Hannibal was the object of his fantasies, he couldn't hold back the information. It was a sign of progress that nightmares no longer plagued him. But now something else was in his way.

At work he was fine when preoccupied, as he told Dr. Lecter. But when he had a lull in the day his fantasies crept back up on him to the point where he'd had to physically will his hard-on down because there was no way he was going to masturbate at work. He didn't want to masturbate; he knew what he'd imagine. If he dreamt about it, he could chalk it up to unconsciousness.

As he finished his second slice of pepperoni, he contemplated throwing Hannibal's "experiment" to the wind. But he knew he wouldn't: he was curious. If he let his mind drift while in control, who truly knows where it would go?

Nerves crept up on him for some reason, and although 11:00pm was typically an acceptable bedtime, he couldn't find it in himself to trudge up to his shower and get ready to sleep. He cleaned up his kitchen, tossed out old food, washed dishes, straightened up his lure station, put the dog toys and dog beds back in their correct places...and when he checked the time again it was 11:30pm. He sighed.

Masturbation shouldn't be a problem, Will, he said to himself, deciding it was time to face facts.

"Alright guys," Hands on his hips, he looked at his pups who were cuddled together, a couple of them already drifting off to sleep. "I'm going to take a shower. If anyone needs to go outside, we'll go one more time when I'm out."

Winston looked up as if in acknowledgement and Will gave him several pets before turning around and heading upstairs.

Will wasn't generally the type of guy to observe looks or pay too much attention to physical appearances, much less his beyond the typical take-care-of-yourself type thing, but as he looked in the mirror, he knew he looked better than he had before therapy started. The deep bags under his eyes were not as prominent. His face held more color. He felt better physically. All because of Dr. Lecter.

He groaned at the thought and started shucking off his clothes once he turned the shower on. He didn't wait for it to get warm before he jumped in.

Dr. Lecter. The man belonged on the cover of GQ with his fancy suits, slicked back hair, and razor-sharp cheekbones.

Will thought of the project. Thought of Dr. Lecter, in his sexy nonchalant tone saying, "make yourself come." His cock began to thicken under the warm spray of the shower, and he pressed one arm against the tile as his right hand went to grip himself.

He forced his mind to picture soft things: round breasts, full hips, voluminous hair that he could grab onto. But as he began to stroke himself, a different version of soft entered his brain. Smooth, long fingers. A pert ass that led to long, lean legs. Slick and short ashen hair that would lend itself to fingers carding right through to grip the nape of his neck.

His neck. Hannibal's. Will stifled a moan, his speed picking up a little bit as he surrendered to his fantasy. In his mind, Dr. Lecter was sitting in his perfect three-piece suit, legs crossed, hands on his knee.

"I'd like to see you touch yourself, Will," Fantasy-Hannibal's pink lips were curved into a smile that Will wanted to kiss right off his face. "Show me how you make yourself come."

Will opened his eyes under the shower spray to look down at his fully hard cock, his hand encircling, and blinked once: suddenly it was Hannibal's finger digging into his slit as precum slid down his shaft. He moaned loudly, another spurt joining the first, and the hand that had been pressed to the shower stall wall came up to his mouth.

He shoved two fingers in, not only because he wanted to know what it would feel like to have a weight on his tongue, but because he could picture himself soaking his own fingers so that he could reach down between those long, long legs and get Hannibal ready for his cock.

"Fuck," Will whimpered, wishing he knew what was underneath all those layers of clothing Dr. Lecter kept on. He was sure it was miles of taut olive skin, but would he let his hair stay or was he the type to wax it all off? Will found himself picturing a hairy chest that led to a carved v-line. Hips that he could dig bruises into with his fingers when he finally withdrew his fingers and gave Hannibal his cock.

And then fantasy-Hannibal was no longer telling Will, "make yourself come." Instead he was begging: "make me come, Will, make me come." He wanted Hannibal panting underneath

him: no longer in control of the situation just like Will couldn't control these thoughts about Dr. Lecter.

One last thrust into his own hand had Will leaning back against one side of the shower as he painted the other side with his release. "Hannibal," the name fell from his lips softly as he closed his eyes, a sated smile resting on his lips as he rested in the afterglow of his first time masturbating in months.

Then the water went from warm to freezing cold and Will came back to himself: cheeks scarlet as he rinsed the evidence of his fantasy off the wall and himself.

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After letting the dogs out one last time, Will climbed into bed, curls still damp as he pressed his head against his pillow. He thought about what had happened in the shower; not to turn himself on again, but to really dissect what he had been thinking about.

His fantasy had been all over the place, but one thing had been in every element: Dr. Lecter. It didn't matter if Dr. Lecter was watching him touch himself, was letting Will kiss him senseless, or what...Will found himself just wanting the man.

And that was something he couldn't reveal in therapy, because where would he go from there? He would get a referral and potentially lose a friend in the process; and who knew if a referral could keep his positive mental health just that - positive.

Will let himself consider what would happen if he did confess to Dr. Lecter what his wet dreams involved. Perhaps Dr. Lecter would reassure him that it was normal: Hannibal, a constant presence in his life, radiated stability, confidence, and friendship. Elements that those wanting a relationship and partner craved. It was only natural that Dr. Lecter, with his immaculate clothes and face that could launch a thousand ships would translate to Will's mind as someone he desired sexually.

But even that was just another way of telling Will to get over it. That was the problem: Will knew that he wanted Dr. Lecter in the physical way, yes, but in other ways as well. The color palette of his days seemed to get brighter when Hannibal appeared in his schedule; especially when Will wasn't expecting it. He found himself, even while trying to avoid physical touch, leaning into Dr. Lecter's shoulder brushes and handshakes that were more of a caress than a firm grip. When he saw Dr. Bloom and Dr. Lecter laughing together, looking like a prim and proper power couple surely to be respected by everyone, he felt burgeoning jealousy.

Sometimes he wondered if Dr. Lecter didn't feel that same sense of fondness, of knowing. Although he was wonderful at disguising facial expressions and body language to truly reveal only what he wished people to see, Will sometimes thought he saw softness in his smile when it was directed at Will or a hint of protectiveness show when he narrowed his eyes at something Jack would say about him.

But those were also signs of a normal friendship.

Will groaned and rubbed his hands down his face, not sure what to think. Only one thing was clearer than ever after the night's events: he was harboring a crush on Hannibal Lecter.

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Chapter End Notes

thanks to everyone who has read/commented/bookmarked/kudosed my little fic! it means a lot to see my way of killing time at work be liked by people lol.

i tend to write in short bursts without editing, so updates might be frequent but short. who knows, honestly! anyway. love to you all, happy reading.

stay hungry xx (find me on twitter: @ally_will_)

this is where the fun includes other characters

Chapter Summary

Will sees Hannibal for the first time after his therapy session about his wet dreams. Alana Bloom may or may not be little jealous.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Well good morning sunshine," Beverly cocked an eyebrow at Will as he strode into his office on Monday morning. She was perched on the edge of his desk with a manila folder in her hand. "You look chipper today."

Will, did, in fact, look rested. His cheeks were still a little flushed from his early morning activities: a dream, of course, had happened. This time Hannibal had been pressing Will down into the mattress; his lips and tongue doing wonders to his leaking cock until he had ventured lower, lips coming to suck at his virgin hole, tongue pressing in to get him to relax - and Will had woken up with a start, sweaty; a hot and sticky mess inside his boxers.

He hadn't been able to stop blushing since. He hadn't dreamed about that particular scenario before, but now he wanted to know exactly what that would feel like...and what it would feel like to reciprocate. He forced himself to wipe the thoughts from his brain and greet Beverly, who was looking at him amused.

"I had a, uh, good weekend," He gave a tight-lipped smile. "Lots of fishing and playtime with my dogs."

He wasn't lying; he had, in fact, spent Saturday in the stream just fishing away without a care in the world. His dogs stayed by the bank watching him with fondness and all got a good run in when he played with them after eating his picnic lunch under his favorite tree. The only thing he'd sorely felt was missing was another human to enjoy it with. His mind had, of course, strayed to Dr. Lecter. He had looked over at the canopy tree at one point after casting his line, and his imagination vividly supplied a picture of those long legs bent at the knee to support a sketchpad; bare torso with linen button up hanging loosely as he leaned against the trunk of a tree and put a likeness of Will fishing on paper.

He sighed a little and Beverly cocked her head, interested, but didn't pry. "Well that's good. Everyone is noticing how you've been, um - for lack of a better phrase, in a better state of mind lately. We're proud of you, Graham." With that, she stood and extended the folder, grinning. "Now here's a case for you to check out."

He didn't meet her eyes, but he nodded in acknowledgment. "Got it. I'm sure Jack'll be around in a few looking for some answers, so. Thanks," She gave him a tap on the shoulder

before she walked out. Will was grateful for her. She was one of those rare coworkers that struck the perfect balance and understood boundaries.

His rediscovered compartmentalization came in handy as he stowed away his picture perfect day at the stream (complete with Dr. Lecter barefoot and beautiful, feeding him strawberries underneath the shade of a tree and licking the juice off Will's lips instead of using the cloth napkins he brought) and shifted into the work mode, quickly analyzing the pictures of a crime scene he hadn't been present at over the weekend.

The day passed quickly, and before he knew it he was back at home, takeout from his favorite restaurant on the counter waiting to be devoured. Will, however, tended to his dogs first, and came back inside just in time to hear his phone start ringing on the counter. He dived and grabbed it before it was too late to pick up the call.

"Hello?" He had answered it without looking.

"Will, it's Jack. We need you at a fresh crime scene," Will eyed the orange chicken waiting for him and sighed. "I'll text you the address."

"Okay," Will gave each of his dogs a pet as he trekked back through his house to the front door. "I'm on my way."

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2 and a half hours later, Will was back at home after examining a rather gruesome display of limbs chopped up like puzzle pieces that had been rearranged to fit perfectly together. Someone had called the killer with an inferiority complex dumb or stupid and here was the result: the breaking point for a person who had been dumbed down his whole life.

Will carefully tucked away that case into a separate folder in his mind before shoving it in the box with all the other cases he'd seen. Then he began to realize how exhausted and gross his body felt, and decided his now gloopy orange chicken could wait ten more minutes for him to take a shower.

The hot water was scalding but was just what he needed; he groaned as he let the stress of the day melt away and follow the path of the water down the drain. He briefly considered touching himself, but his stomach grumbled: hunger for actual food was more important right now.

He tugged on boxers and a t-shirt after towel drying his hair, frowning as he padded into the kitchen to reheat his takeout. Something didn't feel right. He cuddled with Winston and Reno, the two dogs awake enough to follow him around, as he waited for the microwave to finish, and as the timer went off on his food, something ticked in his brain, too.

He was aching to have someone greet him at the door. Someone to give him a hug and a kiss, offer to shower with him, insist on waiting to eat dinner with him until he could get back home from a crime scene Jack would call him up about.

"What am I going to do about this, boys?" Will asked his dogs softly as Hannibal came to mind looking soft in a navy pullover, hair dry and un-slicked like it had been a few weeks ago when Jack had called him out to a crime scene on a Saturday afternoon to help corral witnesses. Reno just licked his bare leg and Winston cocked his head as if saying, "beats me." Will grinned and ruffled their fur before standing up to finally eat dinner.

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"What feels better, Will?" Hannibal asked coyly, scraping over one nipple with a perfectly trimmed fingernail only to follow it up with a scrape of teeth. Will moaned as he began to suck gently at one and pinch wildly at the other.

"I - I don't know," Will gasped, back arching. "I'll take whatever you want to give me, Hannibal," The doctor purred in satisfaction, silky smile resting on his lips as kissed a trail up Will's neck, coming to tug on his ear before nipping at his jaw.

"What if I wanted to give you my cock, hm? Would you take it in that pretty little mouth of yours for me?" Hannibal's voice was akin to sex itself as he whispered words into Will's skin. "Maybe you'll let me be the first to take this?" His hands had wound their way around Will's back to grip his ass, fingers sliding teasingly between cheeks as he ground himself slowly against Will's aching length.

Will wrapped his bare legs around Hannibal's waist and splayed his hands across broad shoulders, pressing the doctor more firmly against himself as he canted his hips up. "Yes, yes, anything for you. Use me, please," He sounded wrecked, and he loved it. He loved how Hannibal made him lose his grip on sanity and give himself over to bodily desire. He wanted Hannibal in every way he knew how.

Hannibal groaned before pressing his open mouth to Will's, tongue fucking in much like he knew his cock would be in a few moments. Will reached down with his hand to grasp Dr. Lecter's cock, using his a mixture of his own precum as well as Hannibal's to slick his grip. Then he pulled back his mouth and scooted down the bed so that he could get to work elsewhere.

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"Fuck!" Will exclaimed, waking up just as his cock pulsed for a second time, come dribbling out of his thin boxers as he blinked in the sunlight, trying to get his bearings. The (imagined) feeling of Hannibal's cock on his tongue was enough to make his dick twitch again in interest, and he flopped back against the bed with a sigh, wincing at the cooling puddle in his pants. "Get it together, Will."

After a moment of contemplation, he swung his legs over the side of the bed and ambled into the bathroom, grabbing a clean pair of boxers on the way. He jumped under the shower spray, intending to just rinse and be done with it, but his mind was stuck on the dream he'd woken up from barely ten minutes ago. After squeezing some body wash in his hands, he went to swipe the stickiness away from his groin, but instead of swiping it off to rinse under the shower spray, he moved it down his soft length, groaning as he did so.

"Oh god," he murmured, closing his eyes. His free hand skated up his stomach to rest on his chest, plucking at both nipples until they were red and erect. It was doing more for him than he thought it would, and he imagined that if Hannibal were there to do it, it would do even more. His dick was beginning to fill out again, the smooth, slow strokes he was using making his toes curl.

Will suddenly began to realize the need for something more: he was fully hard, thrusting into his hand, wishing that the wetness and warmth he was feeling from the shower was Hannibal's mouth. He moaned loudly, opening his eyes to a vision of fully-clothed Dr. Lecter dropping to his knees, not giving a shit about dirtying his suit pants. Will moved the hand that was tweaking his nipples and slid it down his side to grab his own ass, trying his best to think that it was Dr. Lecter's fingernails digging into his skin to pull him closer.

He bit his lip as he let his fingers wander to the pucker between his legs that no one had ever touched before. His fingers were still soapy, and as he rubbed his index finger over the opening he whined, feeling it flare in response to the attention he'd been dreaming about off and on. Will rolled his shoulders, attempting to relax as he worked the tip of his finger in. This was not the best position, but it was enough to feel a stimulation he had never felt before, and he was still so turned on from his dream that it only took a couple of barely there thrusts of his finger in combination with rubbing his hole for him to release.

The come shot out directly onto the floor of the tub, but in his mind Hannibal was still on his knees, and a beautiful picture of him with that telling smirk covered in Will's ejaculate was enough to make Will weak. He grabbed the slippery wall to keep himself up as the afterglow subsided, and he turned to face the spray to finish washing his body - this time without touching himself.

After he got out of the shower, he discovered that he still had close to an hour before he needed to leave for work. He decided that was a sign that he should make a breakfast of something other than a pop-tart or cereal, so after letting the dogs out and dishing their morning meal, he scrambled a few eggs and made two slices of toast along with a glass of OJ.

Somehow Dr. Lecter was also making him more productive in addition to increasing his imagination.

"Something feels funky about today guys," Will talked aloud to the dogs, two of which were in an intense tug-of-war battle. "If I come back home in a weird mood, it's probably Dr. Lecter's fault."

His phone rang suddenly, and he peered over at the screen to see DR. HANNIBAL LECTER flashing. He flushed, like somehow Hannibal had heard him, somehow Hannibal knew what had been in his dreams last night and on his mind this morning. He picked up the phone anyway.

"Good morning, Will," Hannibal greeted, smile evident in his voice. "Jack has asked me to supplement lectures on psychoanalyzing today, so I will be around. I just called to see if you would be interested in joining me for lunch? I didn't want to pack for two if you already had plans."

Will bit his lip before answering, "Jack got lucky with knowing your morning off from patients, huh?" Hannibal chuckled and hummed in reply. "I don't have plans for lunch, Dr. Lecter. I could use something besides a sandwich from the cafeteria."

"Of course you could, dear Will," Hannibal's delighted tone was not hidden by the slightly muffled cell connection. "I'll see you at lunch."

"See you then," He hung up the phone, suddenly stiff with nerves. This wasn't the first time Hannibal had offered to bring him lunch; in fact, it was kind of a normal occurrence. Whenever he was working with Jack or Will it usually ended up with a meal being offered at the end. For some reason, though, this time felt different. Maybe because Will knew what having lunch alone with Dr. Lecter would feel like now that he had some clarity about his situation. It would feel like a date, and that would only make him more confused than he already was.

Will sighed and took a big gulp of orange juice. If he got into the office a little early he could get a head start on grading papers...maybe that would give him a little more time at lunch with Dr. Lecter.

~

"Good afternoon, Will," Hannibal was dressed impeccably, as usual - today he wore a deep plum colored suit that would have looked absolutely preposterous on anyone else. He had forgone his usual printed tie for a solid black tie that blended in with his black shirt. He looked delectable. He smirked to himself as Will's eyes scanned him quickly before his cheeks flushed.

"Hey Dr. Lecter," Will greeted in return, forcing himself to look away from the man standing in his doorway so he could log out of his laptop and put a few papers away before leaving for lunch. "How was teaching this morning?"

Dr. Lecter walked further into the room, lunch tote clutched in his right hand. "It went well, thank you," Will looked particularly handsome, Hannibal observed. A jewel-toned blue button up was tucked into new black slacks, and his hair was combed behind an ear on one side to tame the curls. Hannibal wanted to reach out and touch. "And your classes?"

"Just finished grading a stack of papers," Will motioned to a thick pile of plastic folders. He made his students turn in printed copies as well as copies for the online gradebook. "Let's just say some of them were hard to get through." He smiled wryly, eyes flashing with delight as Dr. Lecter laughed.

"Ready for lunch?" Hannibal lightly shook the bag he was holding and Will nodded. "It is lovely outside today, if you don't mind sitting at one of the picnic tables."

Will raised an eyebrow. "You don't seem like the type to enjoy sitting at an old table outside. But I'm more than willing." Hannibal grinned and ducked his head in acknowledgement.

"I confess, I am not. But I knew you would enjoy it, and I brought a tablecloth, so it will not be unbearable." The laugh that he earned from Will was enough to make a couple of people

stare as they walked in step together through the hallway.

It was a beautiful day outside; the sun was peeking through hazy clouds and there was a slight breeze that ruffled through the trees. Will let himself imagine that they were walking with a picnic to his stream, enjoying each other outside of a convenient work break. The image of Dr. Lecter lounging on the grass, shirt open and chest exposed for Will to savor was too much. He blinked and brought himself back to reality as they reached their outside destination.

"If you'll spread this out, I'll get the food ready," Hannibal said, handing him a garnet tablecloth that looked like it belonged at a 5-star restaurant. He did as he was bid, smoothing it and evening out the edges as Hannibal began to take various containers out of the bag.

"I assumed you would be bringing leftovers from last night's dinner," Will chuckled as what looked like a three-course meal was set out before him. Hannibal's soft smile as he set a plate in front of Will and then a plate in front of himself was enough to make Will's knees buckle. He sat down on the bench before he embarrassed himself.

The doctor began to pop the lids off each container, clearly enjoying being able to serve his food in whatever capacity available, before he answered Will. "I do have some leftovers in my fridge, but I didn't sleep well last night, so I cooked instead. We have an appetizer of Caesar salad, with fresh dressing, of course," he motioned to one box. "Main course of BLT grilled cheese," Will smiled at that one, "And a dessert of Bomboloni."

Will peered into the last box to see what looked to be little doughnut holes. "What is that?"

"It is the Italian doughnut," Hannibal swung one leg and then the other to sit on the bench in one fluid movement that made Will do a double take. "I have filled two with whipped cream, two with chocolate ganache, and two with strawberry-rhubarb jam."

"You didn't have to go to all this trouble, Hannibal," The doctor looked up, a pleased expression on his face at the slip of his first name. "Really."

Hannibal reached across the table to hand Will a fork for his salad, intentionally brushing his fingers as he let go. "It is always my pleasure, dear Will." The outdoors suited the younger man. His skin glowed in the sun and his hair bathed in the light in such a way that showed every curl and detail. The wind picked up strands and made them frame his face, and Hannibal took a mental picture, noting that he needed to attempt a drawing of that later.

A comfortable silence settled over the two men as they began eating their salad. Will was sure that if Alana could taste the dressing she would ask for the recipe. He wondered if Hannibal would give it to her or simply tell her she could come over for a salad anytime she liked. He frowned at the latter and shoved another forkful of crisp romaine in his mouth to hide it.

"I know we are not in a session right now," Hannibal began after dabbing his lips with a napkin, "But I am curious to know how you have been faring since our last conversation." He took one of the cups that he had stowed in his lunch tote and poured himself a helping of San

Pellegrino from the sweating glass bottle that he'd stowed away in the fridge of the breakroom when he had arrived to teach that morning.

Will immediately flushed and Hannibal hid his smile. "I, uh, yeah. I've been fine," Will eagerly accepted the second cup full of sparkling water and drank almost half of it in one go. "Same old same old has been happening."

Hannibal cocked his head to one side, interested. "You mean that you've been having the dreams in addition to bringing yourself to completion before sleeping?" Will ate another bite of the salad, attempting to spear a homemade crouton with his fork.

"Mhm," Was the only reply Will gave. He could feel how hot his cheeks were, and the realization only made him blush harder.

"Have your dreams changed in any capacity? Any variation on the subject?" Will thought back to how his mind was beginning to supply new scenarios he hadn't ever thought about before, much less done in real life. His eyes flicked down to Dr. Lecter's mouth, which was currently opening to receive a forkful of romaine and parmesan, and he almost choked.

Will closed his eyes and forced himself to remember that Dr. Lecter was there to help. He was there to help Will sort out his desires, his issues, whatever the case may be. Will could explain his issues without going into too much detail, and if he was being honest with himself, he had felt better about the dreams in general since he had confessed that they were happening.

"The only variation is what happens in them," Hannibal admired how Will had taken a moment to breathe deeply and get himself under control. That wouldn't have happened with the man who had shown up to his office reluctantly for a session all those weeks ago. "It isn't just...me fucking someone or someone fucking me, anymore." Dr. Lecter's eyes darkened.

"I'm dreaming about things I've never done," The blush on Will's cheeks was faint but still there. "I mean, I haven't done much in the way of sex, I've only ever been with girls anyway so these dreams are basically all new to me in that regard -" He was beginning to ramble but he dropped off quickly when he realized what he said.

Hannibal bit his lip at Will's unintentional slip. "I think we've just found our answer, Will."

Will's eyes met Dr. Lecter's for a split second. "What do you mean?"

"In addition to your body repressing sexual desire of any kind, you also were repressing your own sexuality," He spoke about it so easily that Will kind of wanted to smack him. "Now that you have no barriers to hide behind, your eagerness to explore yourself sexually is on overload."

Will stared blankly for a moment before moving to grab one of the ridiculously elaborate sandwiches from the box in the middle of the table. This wasn't your run-of-the-mill BLT from Subway or somewhere. He wondered if he'd even be able to get his mouth around it.

"So what you're saying is that I'm just going to have to live with having wet dreams until I find someone I can explore with?" He briefly considered propositioning the good doctor himself, and smiled. Wouldn't that be something else.

Hannibal shrugged. "Not necessarily. But you do have to realize it is nothing to be ashamed of." Will nodded slowly. His mouth was covered in the aioli Hannibal had dressed the sourdough bread with, and Hannibal grinned at the sight. He looked adorable. "Now, that's enough conversation of that kind. We'll discuss it more at your session Thursday, okay? The project needs to be discussed as well."

Will hummed, taking another bite of the sandwich. Talking about this stuff with Dr. Lecter, while a little disconcerting, was not so hard that he couldn't bear it. In fact, if he let himself really relax, it was kind of fun to see how much he could skirt around the bush without outright saying that it was Hannibal, only Hannibal, that he was dreaming and fantasizing about. When he let himself forget how technically wrong that was, it was amusing. He decided that was how he should think about it from now on.

"This is absolutely delicious, by the way," Will swallowed, pausing before moving in for another bite. "What is on it?" He knew the basics of a BLT as it was self-explanatory, but this one was unlike anything he had tasted before.

"Thick-sliced maple bacon, Roma tomato, butter lettuce," Hannibal grabbed a sandwich of his own. "Aged cheddar, and garlic aioli. And toasted sourdough bread, of course."

Will nodded in appreciation. "It doesn't seem like your usual fare."

Hannibal smiled. "It isn't, but I figured you would enjoy it."

Will blushed, a wide smile settling on his face. "Well, I do."

"Good," Hannibal let his eyes linger on Will's gaze, softer than strictly necessary, and Will noticed. The tiny flame of hope he had been harboring grew, and he ducked his head before he did something stupid like reach out and grab Hannibal's tie to haul him up for a kiss.

~

"You ate lunch with Hannibal?" Alana strode into his office, her tone of interest betraying the look of nonchalance on her face. Will looked up from where he was annotating a student's paper, already slashed with red marks and he had only just reached the end of the introduction.

Will studied her for a second before answering. "Is that a problem?" He automatically hopped on the defensive, his mind remembering what he had thought about Hannibal's fresh Caesar dressing earlier.

"No," Alana answered, almost too quickly. "I just didn't realize you two had become friends. That doesn't usually happen for therapist/patient relationships. Unethical, you know." She checked the small silver watch on her left wrist out of habit.

"Well, you don't need to be worried about anything 'unethical,'" He fought a smile. Little did she know. "We're not officially therapist and patient, remember? Just conversations."

"Weekly scheduled conversations in an office, but yes, just conversations," She sounded a little sarcastic. Will was suspicious. "How was it?"

She had moved close enough to perch on the edge of his desk. "How was lunch, you mean?" She nodded and Will huffed. "It was delicious. What answer are you looking for, exactly, Dr. Bloom?" She turned on him sharply, standing back up and crossing her arms over her chest.

Alana stared at him hopelessly for a moment before throwing her arms up. "I don't know," Will knew she was being honest. He was still suspicious. "I just. You're doing so well, Will, you look healthy and...and happy."

Will furrowed his brow, a confused smile coming across his face. "Thanks."

"But," His smile vanished. "You look particularly happy when you're with Hannibal."

Will sighed and scrubbed his hands down his face, moving around from his chair to lean against the front of the desk. "He has become a friend, Alana. Not a therapist. What would you like me to say?"

Alana shrugged and half-turned on her heel, preparing to leave the classroom. "He's a handsome man, Will. It's easy to confuse friendship with other things. I'm seeing him for dinner tonight, so I may discuss this with him as well, just to let you know."

He had a feeling that she had told him about dinner for an entirely different reason. "Well I'm sure you'll have a good time. Tell him I say hello." With that, he turned around, dismissing her. He only went back to sit facing the door once he heard her high heels click-clacking against the tile floor of the hallway.

Will had no right to be jealous, but he knew the nagging feeling inside of him was envy. He wondered if that was something he should talk about in his next session.

~

Chapter End Notes

you know, i started writing and i couldn't stop. this fic is spiraling a little bit out of control but that's fine :))))

thanks for your lovely comments! i appreciate all of your kudos/reads/comments/etc so much!

another update coming soon! no promises as to what's going to happen, tbh i don't even know lmao

this is where the fun gets interesting

Chapter Summary

Alana has dinner with Hannibal, and Will is concerned.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal hummed along with the third movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata as it streamed from the little Bluetooth speaker in his kitchen. His plum suit jacket and black tie had been abandoned in favor of a white apron, and his sleeves were rolled up his forearms as he washed the containers he had used for his lunch with Will.

Alana Bloom was his dinner guest tonight, and he had a rack of lamb in the oven filling the kitchen with a most delicious aroma. He had seen her gaze linger on the the picnic table more than once today from across the parking lot. She had been pacing back and forth with her cellphone pressed to her ear. He was sure that she would bring up whatever she had experienced at work that day, but he knew more than that, she would bring up Will. He smirked.

He hadn't planned to have anyone over for dinner, but Alana had ventured into his classroom when he had been clearing out after his break with Will. She considered them close colleagues, and it was obvious to most everyone that she thought they would be a good couple.

He wasn't meaning to lead her on, so tonight would be the perfect opportunity to squash any intentions of her own and possibly give her an inkling as to where his feelings were directed at the moment. If her attention on the picnic table was any clue, she already knew.

A little before his 7:30pm request, his doorbell rang. He opened it with a smile, finding one Alana Bloom standing on his doorstep. "Good evening, Alana," He stepped back to let her in, taking her coat once she had stopped inside.

"Thanks again for the impromptu invitation, Hannibal," Her perfume wafted. It was obviously freshly applied, as was her lipstick. The scent was not unpleasant (floral: gardenias), but he preferred natural, soft scents. "Dinner smells divine."

"You're very welcome. Please, come in," He began to move towards the dining room and kitchen, motioning for her walk with him. "I was just finishing up the carpaccio. The main course should be done in another ten minutes."

He pulled out a chair at the dining table, carefully stepping out of the way of her attempt to graze his arm with her body as she sat down. She frowned, but it didn't look like she knew his

step was intentional. Alana quickly righted her expression and smiled up at him with big eyes. If he was a normal man he would've kissed her by now. Hannibal, however, was extremely fond of a different brown-haired, blue-eyed person.

"I'd love some of that beer you make if you have it, Hannibal," She propped her chin up on her elbow. His eyes flicked down to her elbow on the table and he resisted the urge to chide her manners. The attraction was radiating off her in waves, and for once, he was slightly uncomfortable. He'd have to get this under control sooner than he thought. "It probably doesn't go with your dinner, but just the same."

He smiled politely, as always, and nodded. "I'll bring some with the carpaccio. Just a moment." He excused himself to the kitchen and took a deep breath as he grabbed the platter of thinly shaved beef, showering it with a fresh drizzle of olive oil and rearranging a few sprigs of greenery before he grabbed a tall glass and the bottle from his refrigerator.

"Here we are," Alana looked up at him as he reentered the room. "Appetizer, and a beer for the lady." He poured her a glass, watching the foam gather right to the top before stopping his pour.

"Thank you," She immediately took a sip, and her body relaxed. "It's been a long day, this is just what I need."

"Feel free to discuss whatever you'd like," Hannibal volunteered, pouring himself a glass of red over the beer. The flavors of the beef were much more complimentary when paired with a merlot. "I'm all ears."

She launched into a story about Dr. Chilton (that was who had called her when she was pacing the parking lot) and how he kept trying to offer her a side job. He was trying to use her to get on Jack's good side, she claimed, so that he could have more insight on cases as they came, not as the killers were caught and put away. It was typical Chilton behavior, Hannibal thought, but Dr. Chilton seemed to surprise Alana anyway.

"On top of that, I spoke with Jack today," She took a sip of her beer midsentence, "And he told me he has been pulling Will out to more crime scenes on the spur of the moment. Just a couple nights ago, I think, he called Will out to one. I just don't think that's smart." Hannibal refused to meet her side-eyed glance.

"Surely you have noticed how well he is doing," Hannibal sat up a little straighter in his chair. "For once, Jack and I agree that he is stable."

Alana made a noncommittal noise. "Of course I have noticed, and yes he is stable, but I hate to see all your hard work thrown to the wind by him being plunged back into action too quickly."

Hannibal smiled slightly, considering his answer. "Above all else, I do believe Will has a better grasp on how to control himself and say 'no.'"

"Does he?" Her voice was soft as she inquired. This time Hannibal did meet her eyes, unwavering. "He has a crush on you, Hannibal, surely you know that."

The doctor swallowed the bite of food he had taken and set his fork down on the china without a sound. "Friendships evolve into relationships frequently, Alana. Some would argue it is the greatest foundation."

Her eyes widened a little comically. "Are - are you -" He shook his head before she could finish her question.

"If I was, Alana, he would be here tonight." Her cheeks turned bright red. "Does that bother you?"

She let out an incredulous laugh. "Are you serious? Does it bother me? He's your patient, Hannibal, of course it bothers me!" Hannibal's mouth twisted in discomfort. "The last thing that needs to be on Will's mind is his sexuality, I mean, he's still learning how to-to cope with the other half of his job."

Hannibal cocked his head in interest, eyebrows raised. He chose to ignore her comment about Will being his patient. "He is quite capable of coping, Alana, or else he would still be having nightmares," She looked surprised. She hadn't known his nightmares had stopped. "And you talk as if his sexuality hasn't always been a part of who he is." Alana pursed her lips.

"That's not what I meant," She fiddled with her napkin, sighing. "Both of you deserve someone who is strong and capable of being an equal."

"I suppose you think you're my equal," Hannibal snipped, unable to help himself. Alana looked taken aback. "I apologize, this is not how I was expecting this evening to go."

"Nor I," Alana admitted with a faint smile. A silence settled over the table as they both wondered what to say next. Thankfully, the timer signaling that the lamb needed to be taken out of the oven went off. Hannibal stood up from his chair to attend to it without saying anything.

He had just begun arranging the main course on a pewter serving platter when he heard the click of Alana's heels as she came into the kitchen. "I will freely admit that it is none of my business what is going on between you and your patient." Before she could go any further, Hannibal whirled around to face her.

"He is not my patient," His tone was even, but he needed her to understand. He held himself to the highest regard as far as his clients were concerned, and from the start Will had been different. He had never resigned himself to typical psychiatric methods, he had never prescribed medication, he had never treated Will like he had issues because he knew all Will really needed was someone who understood him. "He is my friend, Alana. If Jack did not require a weekly session in my office to skirt around FBI regulations Will would come to my house for dinner or out to an opera with me, instead."

Alana nodded reluctantly after a moment. "Fine. It is none of my business what goes on between you and Will." Hannibal's eyes softened and he tipped his head in acknowledgment. "But if you're really just friends, you've got to let him know that."

He met her gaze and smiled knowingly.

"Oh," She crossed her arms over her chest. "I understand."

Dr. Lecter turned around to pick up the serving tray that was laden with veggies that surrounded a glistening, perfectly cooked rack of lamb. "Shall we?"

Alana was disappointed, but she hid it well, forcing a smile. "Okay."

~

Will did not make a habit of drinking the night away anymore, but he found it fitting to pour himself a few fingers of whiskey when he got home that night. His day had gone significantly downhill since Alana told him she was having dinner with Dr. Lecter, and now his overactive imagination was supplying him with images of all the things they could be doing instead of having polite talk at the dinner table.

He had suspicions that Dr. Lecter was a generous lover, and he knew from Alana's personality that she would latch onto that. He threw back the rest of the liquid in his glass, aware that he was jealous for no good reason other than this: he wanted Hannibal all to himself.

The liquor began to go straight to his head, it had been so long since he had a drink other than a beer from his fridge every now and then. "You guys are going to stop me from doing something stupid, right?" Will asked his dogs. They were having fun playing with the new toys Will had stopped to buy on his way home from work, so they didn't really pay any attention to Will.

He glanced at the bottle that was a little less than halfway full, and then looked down at his glass. He emptied the little droplets that had settled back at the bottom and decided that he wouldn't drink any more tonight.

As he set the tumbler down, he eyed the phone sitting next to it face up. He touched the screen to see that it was nearing 10:30pm. "Dammit," he whispered to himself as thoughts of Hannibal and Alana surfaced again. He wondered if she was still there...if they had moved into his drawing room, nursing another bottle of wine. If he had serenaded her on the harpsichord while she sat next to him and turned to give her a kiss when he finished.

His eyes narrowed. He grabbed the phone, went to recent calls, and pressed the first name on the list.

"Will, what a pleasant surprise," Hannibal greeted on the second ring.

"Uh," Will wasn't sure what to say; he couldn't believe he had actually called Dr. Lecter. "Hi."

There was a moment of silence on the line, and Will was almost positive Hannibal was smiling. "You've caught me in the middle of putting away leftovers. It looks like my lunch tomorrow is going to be lamb with roasted potatoes and carrots. Very different from today's lunch, I must say."

"You're probably wondering why I called you," Will tried to keep his voice steady. He wasn't drunk, but he was tipsy. If he stood too fast he would be dizzy, he knew that much.

Dr. Lecter chuckled. "I am curious, yes. But you don't need to have a reason."

Will let out a little noise at that. He wanted to ask if Alana was still around; maybe she was doing the dishes. Maybe she was plating up dessert because they took a break after the main course.

"Is Alana with you?" He blurted out.

"No, she left some time ago," Hannibal hesitated. "Surely you did not call me with the intention of asking to speak to her? You have her phone number."

"No, no, no," Will rushed. "I don't want to speak to her. I mean, it's you I called. I want to talk to you. I don't have a reason, either, I just. Saw my phone and called you. I had some whiskey, I'm not drunk though. Just alone. God, that sounds pathetic. I'm sorry." Will stopped rambling to catch a breath, and he heard Hannibal huff into the phone. It didn't sound annoyed, in fact, it sounded fond.

"Don't be sorry Will," Hannibal assured, balancing the phone between his ear and shoulder so he could slide his leftovers into the fridge. "Did you enjoy your whiskey?"

"It's just Jameson," Will snorted. "Nothing like the fancy shit you have. But it has been a while since I drank any. I did enjoy it."

Hannibal laughed and Will could picture him nodding. "If you would like to have dinner tomorrow night, I'll serve some of the," he paused. "'Fancy shit.'"

"Dr. Lecter," Will scolded, grinning. "Never heard you use language before. How you make a crass word sound enticing is beyond me."

A slow smile spread across Hannibal's face at Will's flirtation. He wondered if the man even knew he was doing it. "There are many words you have yet to hear me say, dear Will. I have an extensive vocabulary."

Will's mind went straight to a dream he'd had recently, featuring Hannibal begging, "Fuck me, please, Will." The most basic of pleas, but one that could bring Will to his knees. He cleared his throat and shifted in his chair, suddenly aware of the heat building in his groin.

"I'm sure you do," Was the only reply he could think of. His mind was starting to muddy, his dick was starting to harden with the thoughts now swimming through his brain. There was no way he was going to masturbate while Dr. Lecter was on the phone.

He pressed his hand to the growing bulge in his pants and bit his bottom lip harshly to avoid letting out any noise.

"So, dinner tomorrow evening? We could have our session in my home office instead and eat afterwards, if that sounds adequate to you."

"Yeah, that - that sounds good," Will replied breathily, hand still pressing on his groin. He canted his hips up, feeling his dick pulse, and winced. There was no reason for him to suddenly be turned on; but here he was. Horny and on the phone with his not-therapist.

"Good. We may have to move our time a little bit to give me space to get home and start cooking," Hannibal mused. Will heard the sink turn on and off again a moment later. He pictured the doctor's large hands and slim, nimble fingers. He wondered if Hannibal had his shirtsleeves rolled up to reveal toned forearms - that was the most Will had ever seen of his body since he wore long sleeves and suits all the damn time. A vision of the muscle in Dr. Lecter's forearm bulging as he worked Will's dick with his fist had Will pressing his free hand to his mouth. "Is it okay if we move from 7:30 to 8:00, Will?"

Will nodded fervently, then remembered Hannibal couldn't see him. It was a good thing too: his legs were splayed open and his cock was begging to be let out of his new black pants. He tensed his abdomen and felt his cock pulse again, but this time he knew he was leaking. He forced himself to stop tensing up long enough to answer, "Yep, that's fine."

Will was trying to keep his breathing under control, but the silence on the other end made him think Hannibal could hear it anyway. "Everything okay over there?"

"I'll see you tomorrow at eight, Dr. Lecter," Will said through gritted teeth. He couldn't keep himself from pulsing. "Talk to you later."

"Will-" He hung up just as he heard Hannibal say his name and he groaned, not only because he had shoved a hand in his pants, but also because he knew Hannibal would chide him about it later.

His phone started ringing. Apparently Hannibal wanted to chide him about it now. "Just ignore it," Will said to himself, hand working vigorously inside his shorts. The phone stopped ringing. He slumped back in the chair, only for the phone to begin ringing again.

He stilled the hand in his pants, letting out a low whine because he knew he was about to come. "Hello?" He answered, his cock twitching against his palm.

"Did you not hear me say your name before you hung up?" Hannibal sounded a little amused.

"I-I, uh, got a little distracted, sorry," Will squeezed his eyes shut as he felt a drop of precum slide down onto his finger.

"Will," Hannibal's tone was dark. Will couldn't hold back a whine as he bucked into his hand, his cock pulsing twice before suddenly - that was it. He was coming. Spurting into his boxers, a wet spot forming on his new pants.

"Shit," Will whispered, eyes flying open wide as he realized that he had just orgasmed from barely any stimulation. And Dr. Lecter had heard him.

He heard Hannibal hum on the line. "Your project seems to be going well, I daresay," Will's face flushed a royal red. Hannibal was picturing it.

"Um," Will squeaked, hand still down his pants, only now it was sticky with cooling come. "I'm sorry?"

"We'll discuss it tomorrow evening, hm? 8pm. My home." Hannibal was calm and collected as ever. Will wanted to reach through the phone and wring some sort of reaction out of him. "Goodnight, Will."

"Okay," Will said weakly, his stomach churning. "Goodnight, Dr. Lecter."

~

Chapter End Notes

a slow day at work means a quick update gets posted :))))

thanks so much for your lovely comments!! they make my day!!

this is where the fun starts developing

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal discuss what happened when Will called the night before.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"You've been a very naughty boy, Will," Hannibal whispered in his ear, tongue coming out to trace it, making a shiver run down his spine. "Masturbating to my voice without me knowing?" Will groaned as he felt a warm palm caress the inside of his thigh slowly. "I think you thought I'd know. I think you wanted me to scold you. Is that right, Will?"

Will let out a whimper as Hannibal's fingers stopped stroking his thigh to press harshly instead.

"Answer me," He rested his forehead against the younger man's, smirking as Will's lips parted immediately upon having Hannibal's mouth graze his.

"Yes," Will managed breathily. "I - I wanted to know what you would do."

Will gulped as one finger traced the erection tenting his pants. It was a feather-light touch that had him snapping his hips up for more, only to have Hannibal's forearm press against his stomach, grounding him in his seat.

"There are so many things I want to do, darling," Wet, open mouthed kisses were being laved on Will's jaw as Hannibal spoke, "But first: naughty boys get punished." With that, Hannibal hauled him up from the chair by the front of his button up and turned them around in a movement so smooth that Will was on Hannibal's lap, groin pressed against the man's knees, without realizing it until the first smack landed.

It made Will jolt, eyes widening in surprise. There wasn't much sensation because his pants and underwear were still on, but he had a feeling they would be pushed down momentarily. "Please," the word fell from his lips without him really knowing why. Hannibal seemed to know.

Deft fingers loosened his belt and shoved both briefs and trousers down to the knee, a ghost of a touch over Will's penis making him jerk against Hannibal's leg as he fought for friction. One of Hannibal's arms wound its way around Will's chest, cradling him, while the other hand smoothed over the backs of Will's shapely thighs.

Will had gone so boneless, so relaxed despite his cock leaking against Hannibal's leg, that the sudden hit on his backside made him cry out Hannibal's name. His face was flushed, with

arousal and embarrassment, Hannibal's arm across his chest preventing him from squirming too much.

"Only a few, darling," Hannibal was massaging the cheek that had been given the slap, admiring the way it bounced with his attention, before drawing his hand back and delivering another. "So lovely, Will." He murmured, two small swats in succession making Will whine and arch his back the best that he could.

Unable to resist the little sounds that Will wasn't even aware he was making, Hannibal turned Will over in his lap and leaned down to capture his lips so he could taste those sounds for himself.

"Hmmmm," Will woke up to the sound of himself moaning, and he slumped against his pillow as he opened his eyes. He was on his stomach, he knew he had been rutting into the mattress, and he felt the dampness in his shorts. The clock on his bedside table read 3:30am. "Dammit."

He rolled over onto his back, intending to stumble into the bathroom and clean up, but his eyes fluttered shut, still half-asleep, and he fell back into slumber with the image of himself being kissed as he sat on Dr. Lecter's lap.

~

Will was shoving papers into his briefcase when he saw Beverly stride into the classroom. "You seemed distracted today," She said, leaning against the first row of desks with her arms crossed. "Did something happen with Jack?"

"No, nothing happened with Jack," He glanced at his watch, aware of how tightly strung he was. He had been increasingly nervous throughout the day, to the point where his stomach was churning now. And he still had two hours before he was supposed to be at Dr. Lecter's house. "Just didn't sleep well last night."

Beverly raised her eyebrow, not believing it. She was right, too. After he had gotten over the initial shock of what happened on the phone last night, he had promptly fallen asleep. And, of course, had been jolted awake about 3:30am by a dream. His cheeks turned bright red as he recalled it, and he shoved it to the back corner of his mind.

"You didn't look tired when you got here this morning, Graham," She pointed out, rounding the desk to bump shoulders with him. "You're doing so well, we just want to check up on you, okay? Feel free to tell me to shove it."

Will managed a wan smile and shook his head slightly. "I appreciate it, Beverly, I do. It's just a hard subject to talk about," He paused for a second, deciding that he could afford a little bit of advice. He'd just have to be really careful. "I'm a little nervous for my session tonight, it's going to be a little different." He shrugged, like it was no big deal. Beverly didn't know why it would be different, anyway.

Beverly grinned, unable to hide her curiosity. "Like...you guys are finally going on a date different?" Will looked up in surprise with a laugh, shaking his head. He wished it was that.

But no, he was going to sit through an achingly stiff dinner and leave the house with a referral, probably only to see Dr. Lecter in a professional capacity from here on out. The thought made his smile drop quickly. Beverly noticed. "But you want it to be that."

He pursed his lips and glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. She was standing there like a friend; no judgment, and no agenda. He realized she was, indeed, a friend. And that he wanted to tell her. Maybe not the more lurid details, but something.

"I don't know," He responded. "I think so, yes. But we're friends, colleagues - some would argue doctor and patient," He frowned. "I'm sure it'll pass, it's just a little crush."

Beverly's look told him she wasn't convinced. "Just a word of advice, here, Will. Dr. Lecter is an expert on people, so chances are he already knows. And everyone here sees the way you two look at each other like you've found the missing puzzle piece you lost when you were five years old or something," Will blushed and looked away. "The two of you have conversations, right? Talks?" He nodded. "Then talk. Be honest with him no matter what he asks you. And don't forget talks go both ways." She nudged him with her shoulder again, smiling.

"Thanks," He managed. She nodded and turned to walk out. "I'll keep that in mind. Have a good night, Beverly."

"You too, Graham," She said over her shoulder. He zipped up his bag and buckled it shut, glasses in place on his nose as he rushed out to his car. He needed to get home and feed the dogs before hopping right back on the road to Dr. Lecter's house.

~

Hannibal was restless all day. Time was going slower than ever as he shuffled patient after patient in and out of his office. Every time the clock signaled an hour was up, he thought, "one hour closer until I see Will." So, when he finished with his last patient at 7:00, he rushed out of the office after doing a halfway job of his typical tidying routine, and settled himself in his lavish kitchen to begin preparing a delicious dinner.

He considered leaving his jacket and tie within reach to don once he heard his doorbell ring, but he was favoring a relaxed atmosphere. He rolled up the sleeves of his hunter green dress shirt and unbuttoned the topmost button, leaving his throat exposed. Donning an apron, he resisted looking at himself in the mirror, and told himself to focus on dinner.

The Well-Tempered Clavier (played on harpsichord, of course) soothed him as he began searing scallops and steaming carrots for a puree to be served alongside the seafood. He lost himself in the overwhelming patterns of Bach and steady rhythm of cooking, and he barely heard the doorbell when it rang, exactly as the second hand of his clock landed on 8:00.

"Will," Hannibal greeted warmly, opening the door to see a very nervous Mr. Graham. His hands were in his pockets and he wouldn't meet Dr. Lecter's eyes. He would have to do something about that. "Come in."

"Thanks," Will said, posture stiff as Hannibal relieved him of his coat and hung it in the closet by the door. He was looking everywhere but at Hannibal; cursing the man inwardly with his soft hair that had rendered product useless after the heat of the kitchen. It was falling onto his forehead and Will wanted to brush it back. His fingers twitched.

"I have fresh scallops waiting for us, and the Ossobuco is in the oven. It will take a while to be finished but I figured we could use that time to have our conversation. Come," Hannibal's stomach twisted with desire as Will followed behind him immediately.

Will's eyes roamed the perfect shape of Dr. Lecter's broad shoulders that led to his tapered waist, and the sight of tanned forearms had him wishing he had arrived early to see Hannibal's muscles work as he chopped and seared and did whatever he did to make his food taste better than any Will had eaten before.

"Looks delicious," Will sat on Hannibal's right, and he bit his lip as he glanced up to see Hannibal looking at him with a pleased expression.

"Scallops seared with white wine and butter, served with a dash of carrot and ginger puree," Hannibal explained, watching as Will took the first bite, making sure to slide the scallop through the sauce. "Good?"

Will's cheeks pinkened. "Good." Hannibal make a satisfied noise before starting on his own dish, the soft classical music he had left on making for a pleasant background noise as a quiet that both men had expected settled over the table.

All of the excuses Will had prepared for their conversation tonight were suddenly lost to him as he tried to practice what he might say when they moved into his office, and he found himself wondering why he shouldn't be completely honest and let whatever was going to happen, happen. It was possible that his crush would go away, sure. It may even be tamed by Dr. Lecter presenting logical reasons for it to have formed. But it was also possible that Dr. Lecter would tease him, would encourage him, would...feel the same way.

"At risk of sounding cliché," Hannibal paused to take a sip of wine, "How was your day?"

Will shrugged. "Can't complain. Didn't see anything outlandish today, except one student who tried to argue with me for a solid fifteen minutes about why my criticism of his paper was incorrect. Let's just say that didn't tempt me to change his grade any."

Hannibal chuckled. "I'm sure he left understanding his grade quite well after that."

"He understood he has to do a presentation for the class next week, that's for sure," Will laughed too, catching Hannibal's eye. They lingered for a moment and Will put his fork down. "If you don't mind, I'm ready to move to your office."

Both of their plates had been relieved of the two scallops and dollop of puree, so there was no reason to dawdle. "Of course, Will." Hannibal collected the plates and deposited them in the kitchen. He came back into the dining room to see Will standing, waiting for him. He realized Will didn't know where his office was. "My office is upstairs, just follow me."

Will nearly tripped as he made the amateur mistake of glancing up at Dr. Lecter's ass as he walked up the stairs. Will had never been to this part of his home before. He flushed as they passed the first room, clearly his bedroom. The door was slightly open, revealing a very large bed that was immaculately made. He quickly caught up to Dr. Lecter when he realized he had slowed down to peek inside further.

"Have a seat," Hannibal held the door open for him, flicking the light on. "Let me fetch my notebook and we'll begin."

Will smiled at that. Hannibal always had his notebook and pen at the ready but he had rarely ever seen Dr. Lecter write something down when they had their sessions.

"So," Hannibal started, sitting down in the leather chair across from Will's, crossing his legs as usual. "I recall you mentioning at lunch yesterday how your dreams have continued despite conscious stimulation-"

"You don't want to talk about the phone call first?" Will interrupted, unable to help himself. The look Dr. Lecter gave him made him wish he could shove the question back into his mouth. Will was, however, desperate to clear the air.

"I see you are eager to discuss that. Any particular reason?" Hannibal followed Will with his eyes as he stood up and scanned the bookshelves lining his office. Once again Will had an opportunity to surprise him: would he be honest, or would he skirt the truth, leaving Hannibal to needle it out of him?

Will huffed, looking at the titles of Hannibal's collection without really reading them. "I did something stupid and I'd like to forget about it, that's all," He thought for a second. "Actually, I take that back. I was just doing what you told me to do."

Hannibal grinned sharply, glad Will's back was turned so that he couldn't see it. "And what exactly did I tell you to do, Will? Orgasm while on the phone with people?" Will whirled around, face cherry red. Hannibal raised his eyebrows, a smaller smile now playing on his lips.

"I -" Will balked, surprised at himself for opening this can of worms. "No, but, you did tell me to masturbate, so, in a roundabout way, it is your fault."

Hannibal nodded slowly, eyebrows furrowed. "Interesting logic, Will. I do believe that it was you who decided to call me. And you who decided to answer the phone again while touching yourself."

"Well, I wasn't masturbating when I called you," Will once again wished he could stuff the words back into his mouth. Hannibal smirked and looked down. He was enjoying this far too much. "It wasn't my intention."

"What was the intention, Will?" He countered.

Will decided this was one of moments he should be honest. What reason could he possibly of had for calling Dr. Lecter anyway? He couldn't think of one on the spur of the moment. "I

wanted to make sure you weren't still with Alana." He muttered, barely audible.

Hannibal frowned. "You were concerned about Dr. Bloom?" He was aware of Will's crush on him but he still had doubts about whether Will would want to act on it, or if it was as palpable as he perceived it to be. He was also aware of Will and Alana's brief tryst, although he was certain the feelings were long gone on both ends.

"I wasn't concerned, I was jealous." Hannibal set his notebook and pen on the table next to his chair, looking up at Will with curiosity. "Jealous of her - being here, alone. With you."

Warmth surged in Hannibal's chest. He had intended the dinner to relieve Alana of any feelings for him, but he was glad of this reaction as well. "You need not be jealous of Alana, Will. We are colleagues, nothing more."

"I - good. Good," Will nodded, shuffling back over to the chair. He slumped down, hand cupping his chin after he propped his elbow up on the armrest. "I'm sorry if I made you, um, uncomfortable. I really didn't meant to - you know."

As much as Hannibal loved to watch Will squirm, he was also very interested in the subject of Will's dreams. "Did this have anything to do with the dreams you've been having? A sudden interest in phone sex, perhaps?"

Will shook his head, blushing at the idea. Hannibal's voice, only his voice, telling him what to do...trusting him to follow orders...he shook his head again to snap out of it. "A dream came to mind, that was why I. Yeah."

"Let's discuss your dreams, Will," Hannibal decided, giving him a pointed look. "As I was saying earlier, you have experienced them despite conscious pleasure. Are you giving yourself release before bed, or in the morning after you have a fantasy to rely on?"

"Both, sometimes," Will admitted, biting his lip. "I usually don't when I wake up since I, um, finish."

"Have the subjects of your dreams been altered any now that you have expanded your waking fantasies?"

Will thought about it for a second. His fantasies had expanded, yes, but only in the way of him exploring ideas. There was a running list of kinks he wanted to try now thanks to his overactive imagination, but the one who partook in those kinks with him was always the same. And that one was sitting right across from him.

"No, not really. What happens in them changes but there's always someone else involved." He winced. He knew the next question sitting on Dr. Lecter's tongue.

"Is the person engaging in these acts with you someone you wish to discuss, Will?" Hannibal uncrossed his legs and sat forward a little bit. He locked eyes with the younger man, and for once, Will let himself get lost in the pools of honeyed maroon.

"Yes," Will whispered. "But I won't do it."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want a referral."

~

Chapter End Notes

i'm not good with slow burn, so (spoiler alert) sexy-times are just around the corner. i think there are many chapters to come that explore Will's various dreams...

thanks for all the support! i'm so glad y'all are enjoying my dirty mind!!! lol

this is where the fun gets sexy

Chapter Summary

Hannibal sets out to make Will's first dream about him come true.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal inhaled sharply upon hearing Will admit it. The tension between the two became so thick he could taste it, smell it - but he could not reach across the space between their chairs and break it yet.

The ticking of the clock was the only sound in the room until Will sighed. "I knew this is how it would go. I'm sorry I misinterpreted our friendship, Dr. Lecter." He started to stand up and round the chair, but lightning fast, Hannibal laid his hand on Will's arm.

"I'm not giving you a referral, Will," The man's eyes widened. "Please, sit." Will sat back down, slowly, eyes still on Hannibal, almost unbelieving.

Hannibal settled himself back in his own chair as well even though he was desperate to launch himself into Will's arms. The touch even through his shirtsleeve was electric and had warmth running all up and down the doctor's body. But baby steps were essential here. He could not scare his Will away; he hadn't yet discovered just how involved his dreams had been thus far.

"I want you to tell me about your first dream, Will. Close your eyes, pretend I'm not here. Nothing will offend me, unless, of course, that is your design," He smiled thinly, his heart churning at the mere thought of Will potentially breaking his heart someday. "When did your first dream occur?"

Will swallowed heavily before taking a deep breath and letting his head rest on the back of the chair, neck elongated and just begging for Hannibal's mouth to caress it; mark it. His eyes closed and he let himself speak. "It was three weeks ago that I had the first one. I had tried unsuccessfully to - to touch myself before falling asleep. I tried to watch porn but it wasn't interesting, so I attempted to picture that it was someone else touching me; some faceless beautiful woman. But what ended up having my hand moving faster was you making homemade whipped cream. Jack, Bella, and I had been at dinner that night but you had asked for my help making dessert, remember? I was sure you had noticed that I'd stopped dicing peaches because I couldn't take my eyes off you.

"Your hair had fallen into your eyes. Your mouth was open slightly because you kept twitching with the force of how hard you were whisking. This was the first time I'd seen any of your body uncovered besides your hands and face, and your forearms were straining with

effort to keep a steady speed. That was my, 'Oh' moment, when I realized I wouldn't mind if Jack and Bella disappeared and it was just us for the rest of the evening.

"When you popped into my head as I tried to masturbate I immediately stopped. I felt like I was invading your privacy; what kind of person uses their close friend as spank bank material? So, I fell asleep half-hard, and woke up three hours later to a wet mess in my boxers. After I had laid there for a minute contemplating, the dream came back to me."

Hannibal's eyes had glazed over, breathing quickened, his restraint being tested. He could hardly believe that Will was telling him this, was letting him know the first moment he had recognized his attraction was beyond a normal level. "Tell me what happened in the dream, Will," The doctor licked his lips as Will involuntarily shivered. Hannibal's voice had dropped a couple of notches, his accent heavier when he wasn't actively thinking about it.

"It started out the same. I was dicing peaches, you were whipping cream. You held out a spoon for me to taste, and I did. Only I didn't stop there. Flecks of the whipped cream had splashed on your arm and when you went to step away I didn't let you. I kissed every tiny drop off your skin and worked my way up. The spoon clattered to the floor. Ever the perfectionist, you bent down to pick it up, but you didn't come off the floor. You set it on the counter and stayed on your knees for me.

"The way I could feel your mouth in the dream was unfair; so wet and warm and eager. Your lips stretched around me and the sounds you made echoed in my mind long after I woke up. As soon as I placed my hands in your hair, ready to pull you off to keep you from having to swallow my come, you sucked harder, and that was when I woke up: come flooding my boxers with my mind picturing you swallowing all of it instead of it going to waste."

Hannibal crossed his legs to hide the obvious arousal in his pants. He didn't say anything, he just waited for Will to come back to himself and notice just how much his erection was straining and how it was right in Dr. Lecter's line of vision. He wanted to make Will's dream come true.

"The dreams have since evolved," Will's eyes fluttered open, face flushed, pupils dilated. He looked down at his lap for a split second and shifted in the chair. "You can see the effect they have on me."

"Oh yes, I certainly can." Hannibal's lips curved in a sensual smile that had Will's stomach doing flip-flops. "Before I let you know what my thoughts are, you must tell me one thing. Many dreams are just that: dreams. While pleasant, if they happened in daily life they would lose their luster. Is this dream something you would like to come true?"

"Yeah," Will muttered, fingers tapping the armrests incessantly.

"Will, you'll have to be more specific."

"Yes, Dr. Lecter," Will looked up, a bratty expression on his face that had Hannibal leaning forward, ready to pounce. "It would be a literal dream come true if you sucked my dick."

The tension snapped as Hannibal, in a more fluid motion than Will had ever been able to imagine, stood up and hauled Will into his arms; their noses touching as he pulled Will closer, their groins pushing together frantically. "I must say, Will, you have a way with words. Look what you've done to me."

"Hannibal," Will tilted his chin upward, a smile unlike any the doctor had seen before on his face. "You have no idea what I plan to do to you."

With that, Will cupped the back of Hannibal's neck and brought their lips together, a soft touch at first that had Hannibal weak. His eyes fluttered shut and he swore he could see every beautiful moment in his life dull in comparison to this sweet first kiss with Will. His fingers gripped helplessly at Will's button-up, pulling the fabric every which way as Will tugged at his hair. A whimper that had Will feeling the slightest bit feral escaped Dr. Lecter's throat as Will deepened the kiss, his tongue coming to tangle with Hannibal's; sucking gently, testing the waters. Ready to plunge in deep.

"Take your damn shirt off," Will murmured against smooth skin as he forced himself to leave Dr. Lecter's mouth for air. He yanked Hannibal's shirt out of his trousers as he pressed kisses all along his jaw and down his neck, eyes closing as Hannibal titled his head back in pleasure. Reluctantly, Hannibal stopped holding Will long enough to fumble with buttons, every inch of him on edge as Will pushed the shirt down his arms and took a step back.

His tongue came out to wet his lips as he reached forward and took off Hannibal's belt with a movement so quick he surprised himself. Hannibal's pants came off a second later, joining his shirt on the floor. Will stared shamelessly, eyes roaming every inch of golden skin, mouth watering at the bulge barely contained within stupidly silky underwear. He was glad that he had been correct about Hannibal's chest hair; the smattering of strands that tapered down his belly were perfect.

"Just," Will breathed, eyes bright. "Fucking come here." Will kissed the grin right off Hannibal's face, fingers pressing shapes into the taller man's back until he slid down to get a handful of the pert ass he had envied for too long. Hannibal thrusted his hips forward slightly in response, fingers working much steadier at Will's buttons, and although he was reluctant to break the kiss, he was more than happy for what was to be next.

Will's lips were swollen and red, chest heaving as Hannibal smirked at him before dropping onto the plush rug. Will's eyes softened as he regarded the man on his knees with his hair mussed, chest flushed, and cock hard. He brushed the hair out of Hannibal's eyes but kept his hand on the side of his face as he deftly undid Will's belt, pushing the garments out of the way just enough.

"Beautiful boy," Hannibal came forward and rested his forehead on Will's stomach, his breath ghosting over Will's cock making Will twitch forward in anticipation. "Tell me," Hannibal sat back, hands coming up to caress Will's thighs, "Has a man ever done this for you?" He looked at Will with big eyes, somehow coming across innocent and debauched at the same time.

"Once," Will wrinkled his nose at the memory. "It wasn't very good. We were young, experimenting, you know." Hannibal nodded, one hand now smoothing up over Will's

stomach. He could see a bit of precum beginning to bead on the head of Will's cock and his mouth watered with the urge to get started, but he liked teasing.

"What about a woman?" He leaned forward and traced the path his hand was traveling with his mouth, letting his tongue drag across Will's smooth pale skin. He couldn't wait to throw Will on his bed and just worship his body for hours and hours. He'd have Will begging in no time.

Will sucked in a breath as he felt Hannibal's fingers dance over a nipple, stopping briefly to pinch before tickling back down his side. "Y-yes, a few."

"Were they good?" He kissed the jut of Will's hipbone, admiring its V-shape.

"I orgasmed, if that's what you mean," Will was getting impatient, he could tell. His fingers went from playing in Hannibal's hair to tracing his jaw and ear and back again.

Hannibal chuckled as he pressed a mirroring kiss to the other hipbone. "Will, you deserve to be shown the most divine heights of pleasure. I hope I can give you a fraction of that." Will let out a wounded noise as Hannibal's mouth finally enveloped him, sliding down his slightly larger than average cock with expertise.

His tongue swirled around, creating a nice slide for his lips as he came back up to suck on the head, closing his eyes as he felt the bead of precum he noticed earlier drop on his tongue. He swallowed the taste, shoulders dropping in relaxation as Will's fingers tightened in his hair, moans more beautiful than any music Hannibal had ever heard filling the office as Hannibal lavished attention on Will's cock.

Hannibal let Will's cock fall from his mouth with an obscene noise, but he kept pressing kisses along the shaft. Will's right hand traced Hannibal's sharp cheekbone with feather light fingers as he looked down at the man reverently, cock now diligently leaking under Hannibal's rapt attention. The older man, noticing, immediately sealed his lips around the head to suck, eyes flicking up to catch Will's gaze. His lips were red, standing out despite the flush of Will's cock.

"Your mouth, Hannibal," Will's fingers were still petting at Hannibal's cheek, making Hannibal's insides feel like mush. He took Will's length down all the way so he could nuzzle the base, hands coming around Will's thighs to squeeze his ass. "So fucking perfect. You're fucking perfect."

A whine escaped Hannibal despite his mouth being full, and he bobbed his head in appreciation, making Will jerk forward. Hannibal squeezed his ass again and Will understood. He moved the hand that had been tracing Hannibal's cheek to cup the back of his neck, and slowly thrusted forward, unsure exactly of how to proceed - he'd never fucked someone's mouth before, he'd never had a woman on her knees long enough to get this far.

When Hannibal glanced at Will again through his eyelashes, something broke inside Will. He thrusted forward, alternating between shallow and deep, mouth falling open as Hannibal's cheeks turned pink under the attention. "Oh - fuck, Hannibal," Will knew he hadn't lasted

very long, but the tell-tale signs were rising in his stomach, and he had been imagining this for too long.

Just as his stomach clenched up and his pelvis met Hannibal's nose on another thrust, Hannibal pushed Will's hips back. "Sit down," Hannibal pushed lightly on Will's hips again and he took the hint, wincing as his ass came in contact with the cold leather. He didn't dwell on it for long because Hannibal was in-between his legs in a flash, one palm pressing down on Will's thighs as he curled over his lap, working Will over now with a fist and his mouth. Will was leaking profusely, nonsense words tumbling from his mouth as his head lolled back.

"Look at me," Hannibal said as he pulled off, stroking Will slowly. Will did as he bid him. "I want you to watch your dream come true."

Will's hips canted up involuntarily, making Hannibal grin for a split second before he descended once more. His hand went down to stroke over Will's balls and press further back, and as he came back up to tongue the head of Will's cock, that was it.

"I'm - fuck, Hannibal, oh my god," Will blurted, fingers digging deep enough in Hannibal's shoulder to ere on the side of painful. Hannibal moaned as Will came on his tongue, sucking diligently to taste all of Will's release and not miss a single drop. It tasted musky; earthy; a little bitter. About what Hannibal expected but so much more because, after all, it was Will. "Holy shit." He petted Hannibal's sweaty hair back as the man gave one last valiant suck before making a show of swallowing and pressing a kiss to the head of Will's slowly softening dick.

Hannibal rested his cheek on Will's thigh as he closed his eyes, arching into Will's touch. He was painfully hard but unbothered by it: Will was the one who mattered to him. Will's pleasure gave him all he needed.

Will wasn't sure how much time had passed that he just sat there, basking in the best orgasm he'd ever had, but the level of contentment he felt with Hannibal in his lap made him more than a little concerned. He was fully attached to this man and he knew it.

"Can I," Will said softly, eyes flicking down to Hannibal's crotch. His erection had flagged slightly; after all, he had been letting Will sit to gather himself for more than a few minutes. He smiled softly and shook his head. "Are you sure?"

Hannibal turned his head to press a kiss to Will's palm as he smoothed his hands up and down Will's thighs. "You don't have to, Will. This is all for you."

"I think you're underestimating how much I want to," Will smiled crookedly. Hannibal crawled up to sit fully in Will's lap and leaned down to press a chaste kiss to his mouth. "Let me." He whispered in Hannibal ear, fingers carding down through his chest hair until he cupped his cock. Hannibal groaned and put his head on Will's shoulder, lazily sucking a mark on his neck as he nodded in acquiescence.

"I hate that this is about to come out of my mouth," Will said, smile evident in his voice, "But you're fucking big, Hannibal." The doctor laughed, a sweet sound that Will wanted on repeat

forever. The laugh quickly vanished as Will pushed the tight briefs out of the way and raised his hand to his mouth to spit on it before starting to stroke.

"Will," Hannibal said his name breathily, like a prayer, hips stuttering forward into his hand. Hand jobs were nothing special but Will made it seem like it was a delicacy. His cock was longer than Will's, uncut, a perfect extension of the rest of him. His body deserved commemoration in bronze or marble; Will was halfway convinced that he had been sculped by God himself.

Hannibal was fully hard again, glistening head peeking as Will gathered the precum that started to leak and spread it down his length to help his strokes glide easier. He tightened his fist as Hannibal bucked, and he tilted his chin down to flick his tongue across Hannibal's plump upper lip before nipping at it with his teeth. The repeated little moans that left Hannibal's mouth were getting louder, and his hips stuttered.

"Come for me, Dr. Lecter," Will kissed him, short and filthy, tongue darting in and out of the man's mouth and pulling back before Hannibal could even try to reciprocate. "Please."

"Will," Hannibal's eyes widened as Will's thumb brushed over his sensitive head, and Will caught Hannibal's release in his hand. One spurt followed by another, until Hannibal slumped in his lap, head resting on his shoulder once more. "My darling boy." Hannibal licked at the mark he'd made minutes earlier, making Will smile.

Will looked down at his fingers, coated in Hannibal's come, and made a split second decision. He locked eyes with Hannibal before shoving his own fingers in his mouth, unable to keep his eyes from fluttering shut under the doctor's intense gaze; unable to keep a moan from sounding as Hannibal's unexpectedly sweet taste exploded on his tongue.

A noise akin to a growl rumbled from Hannibal as he yanked Will's fingers out of his mouth and replaced it with his tongue; seeking his own flavor in Will's mouth. He licked and chased it until they were both out of breath, foreheads resting against each other, sated.

"I'd like to let you in on a secret, Will Graham," Hannibal said after a moment.

"What might that be, Hannibal Lecter?" The corner of Will's mouth turned up with a smile.

"I'm going to make all of your dreams come true."

Will laughed and pressed a kiss to Hannibal's cheek, enjoying the way he could be the one to make the doctor blush for once.

"As much as I'd like to get started on that right away, I think I hear a timer going off downstairs."

"That would be our dinner," Hannibal climbed off Will's lap on shaky legs, pulling his briefs back up and tucking himself in. "Care to join me?"

"Mmm," Will bit his lip, drinking in the sight of Hannibal before he covered himself up again. "Lead the way, Dr. Lecter."

~

Chapter End Notes

all of you are the sweetest people in the world and i love you. thank you for your kind comments!! this fic is so fun to write, i'm glad it is being enjoyed <3

i hope this update was to your liking! writing smut is not my strong suit but i'm trying to get better (obviously) lmao. more will come soon :))))

this is where the fun is an excuse for smut

Chapter Summary

Literally just morning sex.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

For the first time in a long while, Will woke from a dreamless sleep.

He thought he was in a dream when he was roused, though, because there was a soft mouth pressing kisses across his shoulders and chest and silky bedhead hair tickling his chin. His eyes slowly opened to see sunshine pouring across an unfamiliar hardwood floor, a beam of light highlighting Dr. Lecter who was stretched out on his side, curled into Will.

Events of the previous night came back to him and a sleepy smile stretched across his face. After their tryst in Hannibal's office, they had dinner and dessert with many breaks for kisses. Will's lips were swollen from how long they had sat on the ornate couch in the drawing room just exchanging languid, lazy kisses. He felt like he was in some Victorian drama with Chopin playing in the background, wine discarded on the table next to them as they learned each others mouths intimately.

Of course, it had led to other things - rutting like two horny teenagers, too desperate to actually find a bed and do things properly - but it had been good, it had been perfect for discovery. They had time to discuss and act out Will's dreams later, Hannibal assured him.

"Good morning," Hannibal's eyes were sleepy as he smiled up at Will, mouth still tracing patterns along warm skin. "Sleep well?" He was teasing.

"You know I did," Will murmured, raising the hand that wasn't wrapped around Dr. Lecter to wipe his eyes. Hannibal hummed, flicking his tongue over a nipple, making Will shiver slightly. "As much as I'd love to roll around in bed with you all day, what time is it?"

"It's 6:30," Will made a small sound of protest as Hannibal stopped his kissing to stretch. As soon as Will got sight of one bare leg on top of the covers, muscles tensing as Hannibal extended, he couldn't resist rolling over on top of him. "Well hello." Hannibal smirked.

Not favoring the idea of morning breath, Will sucked a quick kiss where Hannibal's neck met his shoulder instead. "You look so damn good all the time," he felt giddy as he finally admitted the thoughts he'd been harboring in his head for so long. "And it's just not fair."

"I don't know if anyone has told you this recently," Hannibal's deep morning voice was making Will stir in anticipation, "But you're the one who looks like an angel all the time,

Will." Will looked up at Hannibal, eyes shining. Morning breath be damned.

He almost launched himself up to plunder the older man's mouth but he stopped short, tracing the red lips with his tongue before pressing a gentle kiss. Hannibal's mouth opened immediately under his attention, the leg that was not under the sheet coming to wrap around Will's waist. He felt their growing arousal brush, the only barrier between them the silk cover. Will had learned the night before what noises Hannibal made when he kissed him slow and deep like this, and he let himself drown in them as he grabbed Hannibal's thigh and hitched it higher, fingers gripping as he swiveled his hips.

"Will," Hannibal broke away from his mouth as his back arched on a particularly harsh grind. "Tell me, did you imagine this?" His voice was breathy, stuttering between words.

Nodding, he wondered if he could manage to describe it with Dr. Lecter writhing underneath him like this. He couldn't wait to fuck him for real. "I fell back asleep after waking up too early on a Sunday morning a couple weeks ago," Will began, nuzzling at his neck. "Next thing I knew I was dreaming about waking up next to you, my cock still able to slip back in without any prep because you were slick from...other activities." Hannibal groaned, fingernails raking down Will's back, neck bared for more attention.

"Please," Will drew back, eyes dark at Hannibal's plea.

"Please what," He was on his knees between Hannibal's legs, still holding the one around his waist, gripping it possessively. He smirked at Hannibal's inability to hold eye contact.

"Anything, Will," Hannibal panted, fingers now pressing into Will's ass as he continued to rock against him through the sheet. "Just want to - to feel a part of you inside me."

Will suddenly had an idea. Something he'd never done before, although he'd thought about doing it. To this man in particular. He yanked the sheet out of the way, licking his lips as he caught sight of Hannibal's length resting hard against his stomach, leaking. He slid down until his mouth was hovering over it, his tongue darting out to lick up the puddle. As much as he wanted to seal his lips around the head of Hannibal's cock, he bypassed it, nosing along the length instead, smiling as Hannibal squirmed at the sensation.

Will settled in his new position between the long legs he'd been thirsting over, just barely keeping himself from rutting down into the mattress as he scooped up both thighs and encouraged Hannibal to scoot down and press his heels into Will's back.

"I've never done this before," Will admitted, eyes flicking up to see Hannibal out of it already, palms flat against the bed, head turned on the pillow. "Let me know how it is, yeah?"

With that, his tongue touched furled skin, a heady taste that had him tilting his head to the side to gain better access. He closed his eyes as Hannibal's thighs tensed up, a whine filling the air above him as he licked another broad stripe before giving the hole a light suck. Hannibal's hands came to rest on his stomach, fingers twitching, and Will stopped long enough to say, "Put your hands in my hair, I know you want to."

As soon as fingers gripped curls, Will pressed his face back in, spit gathering in his mouth before he speared his tongue again, feverishly working his way into Hannibal, chin wet with his efforts to make the man come undone.

Hannibal couldn't stop tilting his hips up; couldn't stop running his fingers through Will's hair in an attempt to get more. He wasn't aware of the litany of whimpers leaving his throat, or how his toes curled against Will's back. All he could feel was overwhelming pleasure: not just because of how Will's mouth was magic, but because of something he couldn't quite put his finger on.

Will had eaten out a girl or two before, and he hadn't minded it - the women certainly didn't - but this was a different sensation altogether. It was like he couldn't get enough. Hannibal tugged harder on his hair: he sucked more. Hannibal dug his heels into Will's back: he licked deeper. His chin was sticky with spit, he knew Hannibal's hole was dripping, and that's when he slid one hand from where it was clasping a thigh to come around and join his tongue.

He pulled away slightly, panting with his efforts, grinning at Hannibal's moan of protest. "Greedy," he chastised, rubbing over the wetness with his index finger. He turned his head to nip at a thigh. "I guess that means I'm doing okay?"

"Fuck," Hannibal mumbled, earning another bite. Will gave a quick and vicious suck to his hole, earning a painful jab in his right side because Hannibal had relaxed completely during the break with no stimulation. "I'm going to make you eat me out every morning, Will."

"If you insist, Dr. Lecter," Will pressed another kiss to his thigh before sliding two fingers in with no resistance. He groaned as he scissored his fingers, adding his tongue into the mix, probing deeper until he found what he knew was Hannibal's prostate.

"Will," Hannibal tugged as his hair. "I'm going to come if you keep doing that."

"Mmmm," The vibrations of his mouth made Hannibal shiver. "That's the idea."

Two fingers kept thrusting and pressing, accompanied by kitten licks and sucks at his rim, and it was only a moment before Hannibal came, untouched, shooting ropes across his own stomach, shouting Will's name as he did so. Will withdrew his fingers once Hannibal's dick stopped twitching, and he pressed one last kiss to the now-puffy and still soaking wet hole.

"You look stunning," Will's mouth trailed down Hannibal's leg until he kissed an ankle, sitting up now, his cock proudly jutting out and leaking. "I think I'll add to that artwork, if you don't mind."

"Please do," Hannibal murmured, cheeks flushed and eyes barely open as Will hovered over him, hand working over his cock until he stuttered, groaning, and painted Hannibal's chest with more come. "Beautiful."

The come crisscrossed all up Hannibal's chest, one droplet lingering on his chin (whose, Will wasn't sure). It glistened in the sunlight that was now streaming in full behind the curtains. Will didn't resist when Hannibal scooped his fingers across the mess and offered it to Will; he took the two fingers and gripped Hannibal's palm with his own as he sucked the digits clean.

He followed Hannibal's lead, presenting him with the mixture as well, and nearly thought he would get hard again when Hannibal's tongue worked over his hand.

"I'm going to be late getting to work," Will mumbled as he finally collapsed next to Dr. Lecter in the bed, both on their side facing each other. Hannibal's chest was still covered in a sticky mess. He leaned forward to kiss the drop off his chin, making Hannibal smile. "And so will you."

"The first time a patient will be waiting for me, I believe," Hannibal responded, making no move to leave the bed. "Is it too forward of me to say that I want you to be with me again tonight?"

Will touched his forehead to Hannibal's, shaking his head. "I hope you don't get tired of me. You'll be seeing me a lot more often, Dr. Lecter."

"Good," Hannibal captured Will's mouth with his own, a soft kiss that had Will melting in his embrace. "We really must get up now."

"Yeah, yeah," Will was the first to roll out of the bed, tugging up his underwear as he strolled into the bathroom, but not before he leaned back over the mattress to place another kiss on his doctor's lips.

~

Chapter End Notes

I didn't have much time to write over the weekend, but I managed to write almost 2k worth of smut because today is just... a thirsty day. Hope it is up to par :)))))

thanks for all your kind love on this fic, y'all are the absolute best and continue to make my days better!!

<3 stay hungry

this is where the fun includes phone sex

Chapter Summary

Will Graham needs a bit of a release before going out on a case.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will flew into the classroom five minutes before class was due to begin, having sped home to fed and take out the dogs first. He was usually in the office an hour before class started so that he could prepare, and many students were already in their seats wondering where he was. He mumbled greetings to them as he hastily turned on his laptop and got the day's presentation pulled up.

The morning had moved quickly despite the way he and Hannibal couldn't keep away from each other - every time they even glanced at each other, someone was fumbling for a kiss or an embrace. He hid his smile as he pulled himself into his work mindset, forcing everything else aside.

The words for his presentation came easily despite the minimal amount of preparation he had put into today's class. He knew his work well, he knew the science behind it and understood the nuances better than most, but he usually didn't trust himself on the fly. Last night he'd been busier, though, and he was pleasantly surprised that he was in top form.

The day flew by, surprisingly, and Will was packing everything into his bag when Jack strolled into the office on a mission. "You're coming with me in twenty, Graham. Got a new one for you."

Will wanted to say no, he wanted to run into Hannibal's arms and go play with his dogs, but he shouldered his bag instead and gave a stiff nod, deciding to run to the break room and grab a cup of coffee before he was to get on the road with Jack.

Chewing his lip, he made a split decision to call Hannibal.

"Will," Hannibal was smiling into the phone when he answered. "How was your day?"

The instant familiarity and warmth of the call made Will relax. "It was good, thanks. But it isn't over yet unfortunately. Jack has me going out with him to look at...something in about twenty minutes," He paused, setting his bag down on a table in the empty break room. "I called to ask a favor."

"Anything, Will," Hannibal said immediately, making Will smile.

"Could you go to my house and feed the dogs? Let them run around outside for a little bit? I'm not sure how long this will take, and they need some attention." Will knew Hannibal wasn't overly fond of pets, but he had taken care of the dogs before.

"Of course," Hannibal responded. "Good luck with your work tonight, Will."

"Thanks," Will was hesitant to hang up. "Hannibal?"

"Yes?" The tone was sultry and made Will's face flush.

"I was, um," His thoughts flashed back to the last time he had been on the phone with Hannibal, alone in his house. He glanced around the room, but everyone else who usually used the break room had gone home for the day. "Just thinking about the last time I called you."

"Mmmm," Hannibal purred, the vibration through the phone causing an involuntary shiver up Will's spine. "I think about that often, darling." Darling...Will's blush deepened.

"Do you really?" Will countered, stalling a little bit. He glanced at his watch. 15 minutes.

"Would you like me to tell you what usually happens when I think about it?" Hannibal's voice was pitched low and Will bit his lip to prevent an uncharacteristic squeak from coming out. He eyed the single-stall bathroom in the corner and rushed to lock himself inside without a second thought.

"Please do," Will finally answered, back against the locked door.

Hannibal chuckled. "You really are a naughty boy, Will, calling me at work for such a thing like this. Can't get enough, can you?"

"No," Will admitted without hesitation. "But I don't feel bad about it."

"Nor should you, Will," Hannibal agreed. "I must tell you, I'm usually alone in my house when thoughts of you touching yourself come to mind. But being alone in my office works just as well."

"Does it now?" Will breathed.

Hannibal smirked. "The first time I thought about you, getting yourself off, helpless, I was spread out on my bed, unable to keep from rutting like a teenager. Just because I knew how you sounded when you were desperate to come." Will moaned, unbuckling his belt, feeling his length start to fill out.

"You know, I came that night barely touching myself," Will blurted out in a moment of embarrassment, unsure what to say to get the ball rolling.

Hannibal sighed breathily into the phone and Will heard some kind of rustling. He swallowed as he envisioned the man moving his many layers out of the way to get his hand on that beautiful cock of his.

"Like you couldn't help it, hm? Your body wouldn't let you deny yourself the pleasure," Hannibal did have his hand in his pants; softly rubbing over his slowly hardening length. He closed his eyes and leaned back in his desk chair. "Think you can do it again, Will?"

Will's dick pulsed heartily at Hannibal's interest and he nodded although Hannibal couldn't see him. "Yes."

"Good," Hannibal murmured, pushing the speaker button on his phone and resting it on his desk. "I'd love to see you do this for me sometime, Will. I'll sit there across from you, maybe even here in my office, and just watch as you finish in your clothes. I'd make you sit there without touching me at all, but you wouldn't like that, would you?"

"No," Will whispered, his knee giving out as he clenched his stomach again, feeling himself fully hard now in his dark jeans. "I want to touch every inch of you, taste every inch of you, Hannibal. Having you deny me that pleasure would be agony."

Hannibal's soft moan had Will tensing up again, biting his lip feverishly to keep from making noise. "As soon as you came for me Will, I'd give it all back to you. I'm yours to do with what you please."

"Be careful when you say that, Hannibal," Will warned, head clunking back almost painfully against the door as he slid down onto the floor.

"Why?" Will heard the soft sounds of skin on skin and jerked his hips up into thin air.

"You haven't heard about all my dreams, Dr. Lecter," He teased, barely able to get the words out.

"Oh," Hannibal said softly. The sound of skin picked up and Will grinned. "What exactly were you thinking about when you called me, Will? I don't believe we ever got to discuss that."

It took Will a moment to recall, but when he did, he thrusted into the air again before his hands scrambled at his pants, knowing he couldn't live in sticky trousers for the rest of the night. "It was a rather basic fantasy, really," Will sucked in a breath as he pulled his briefs down over his sensitive dick. Precum was building at the tip and it rested heavy on his stomach. He licked his lips as he made himself pulse again. "You were on your knees and you were begging me to fuck you."

Hannibal let out a wounded noise, and Will's eyes fluttered shut at the pretty picture he knew the doctor was making; tan skin flushed, honey eyes sparkling, suit in the way of his perfectly elegant hand flying up and down his cock. "You want me to beg, Will? I am not above begging for you."

"I know you aren't, Hannibal," Will responded rather smugly. "I'm the only one you will beg for, isn't that right?" He was reaching, he didn't know anything of the sort, but he wanted to believe that it was true.

"Yes, Will, only you," His voice was deeper, breathier, and Will knew he was on the verge of coming. He glanced at his watch, chewing on his lower lip as he noticed the growing puddle of precum on his stomach. 6 minutes.

"Don't come, Hannibal," Will commanded as confidently as he could. The sound of the doctor touching himself immediately stilled and Will almost came right then. "You come when I tell you to."

"Will," Hannibal's voice was pornographic; the way he moaned Will's name made Will feel akin to a god.

"Are you wet, Dr. Lecter?" The title slipped from him, but he liked the way it sounded. He looked at his own wetness and huffed out a laugh as Hannibal made a noise that Will took for a yes. "Get your fingers nice and coated before your stroke yourself again. Slowly."

"I- I wish you were here, touching me," It seemed like an out of character confession for Hannibal, and it made Will smile softly despite what situation they were in.

"Are you thinking about what my hand felt like on you? What my mouth felt like tasting you?" Hannibal's whine had Will aching to rub his angry looking length, but he was determined to come without it. He already knew he could. "Why don't you think about how my tongue's going to feel on your cock later?"

"Will, please," Hannibal was diligent, and the slow pace he heard through the phone made Will ache for him.

"Think about how your cock will be the only one that's ever touched my lips," Will didn't dare say that a part of him hoped it would be the last - the one he'd suck on for the rest of his life. That seemed a bit premature.

"Please," Hannibal moaned again.

"You're so pretty when you say please, I just know how gorgeous you look right now. Going to come all over your suit, Dr. Lecter?"

"If you let me," Hannibal bit back, making Will laugh. He glanced at his watch again. 3 minutes.

"Go ahead, Hannibal. But only if you take a picture and send it to me." The last part was an afterthought, one he was very much glad he had.

The slide of Hannibal's hand on his cock grew quicker, and before Will knew it they were coming in tandem - the tempo of Hannibal's breath, the pitch of his whines making Will's cock jerk until his come dribbled out onto his stomach. He grabbed his phone and sent a picture of it to Hannibal without thinking.

"What beautiful sight," Hannibal murmured as he took his own picture and sent it in return. His come-covered hand rested on his navy and auburn plaid trousers, a streak of his release painting the pants clinging to his upper thigh. Will's eyes grew heavy lidded as he looked at

the photo and he desperately wished he could teleport and lick all of it up; give the man's dick a nice suck to make sure he'd gotten the height of his pleasure. "Thank you, Will."

"I really have to go now," Will cleaned himself off and tucked himself in, cheeks flushing as he regarded himself in the mirror. He felt young and rebellious. He liked it. "Thanks in advance for taking care of the dogs. I know they'll be happy to see you."

"And I, them," Hannibal sounded genuine when he said it. Will smiled. "Be safe, Will."

"You too, Dr. Lecter."

He hung up the phone and left the bathroom just in time to hear Jack calling his name. "Will, there you are. We're ready to head out. Katz, Price, and Zeller have already left."

"Sorry, yeah, I'm ready," He grabbed his abandoned work bag and slung it over his shoulder, glad Jack didn't somehow pick up on what he had been doing in the bathroom mere moments earlier. He smiled to himself as he kept up with Jack's swift pace, allowing a few more moments of dwelling on just how warm Hannibal made him feel before he switched gears into work mode when he got in the car.

Will had a sneaky suspicion that Hannibal might just be waiting for him when he got home. He hoped, anyway.

~

Chapter End Notes

I hope y'all know I'm pretty much going to be writing smut for the rest of this fic lmao

There will be an eventual conclusion, obviously, but. I'm having fun, sooooo

thanks for reading :))) once again, your comments make my days brighter!

stay hungry <3

this is where the fun includes Hannibal being a bottom

Chapter Summary

Will comes home from work to see Hannibal waiting for him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After a somewhat uneventful trip to the backwoods of Virginia, Will barely kept his eyes open on the drive back to the office. A bad cup of coffee from the McDonalds drive-thru had him perking up by the time he started his trip back to Wolf Trap, though, so he was wide awake when he pulled onto the road leading to his house, surprised to see the light on in the living room when he arrived.

Then he noticed a certain Bentley parked around the side and he smiled.

Will walked up to his house feeling warm already despite the cold outside, and as he let himself in, he was greeted by a couple of perky dogs resisting sleep - but he quieted them down quickly when he noticed the sleeping form of Dr. Lecter in his favorite chair. He unlaced his boots and left them by the door before padding closer to the recliner.

A noise left Will's lips as he observed the older man who was practically curled up in the chair, one socked foot tucked under a knee, suit jacket and tie abandoned, button-up rolled up to the elbows. The silvery hair was mussed, rosy lips parted.

But the thing that made Will's heart ache was Winston, curled in Dr. Lecter's lap, one of Dr. Lecter's hands resting in his fur, unconsciously carding through as both man and dog snored softly. He bit his lip and couldn't take his eyes away, but Hannibal, only dozing, felt his presence after a couple of moments.

"Hello, Will," he blinked slowly, adjusting to the light he had left on in the room, hand petting Winston's head as the dog shifted in his lap. "How was-"

He was cut off by Will taking three long strides over to the recliner, fingers gripping his chin before planting a kiss on his lips. Hannibal's noise of surprise at the quick peck that had an extraordinary amount of emotion tucked behind it had Will falling to his knees beside the chair, gladly joining Hannibal in petting Winston as the dog woke up and nosed at Will, welcoming him home.

"Hi, Winston," Will's smile at the dog made a lazy smile grow on Hannibal's face as well. He was aware of the sleepy, loving gaze he trained on the younger man's face, but he was done hiding his emotion when it came to Will. If he saw the softness in his eyes, so be it. Maybe he

would find the same in Will’s if his reaction to seeing Hannibal in his home was any indication.

Will looked back up at Hannibal, and he swore the air was electric as they gazed at each other. He felt the pull to capture the man's mouth again but he couldn't move.

He wasn't sure how long they stayed like that, just basking in each other's glow, but he was acutely aware of Hannibal whispering his name.

"Will," The doctor's eyes darted down to Will's lips. "Take me to bed, please."

Gone was the sneaky rebellious need of their phone call from this afternoon. It was replaced with something heady, but precious, and Will felt it as he went through the motions of settling Winston with the other dogs on their bed, Hannibal's eyes on him all the while as he waited to be shown the bedroom.

It had been just over a day since this game had started with Dr. Lecter, but Will was sensing a change in the tide already. He was aching to explore every fantasy, every possible thing with the man whose hand was in his as they walked side by side to his bedroom, but right now his heart was full to bursting upon the inkling that Hannibal wasn't solely into helping Will because of sex. When he looked into those amber eyes as he woke, he saw fondness, and perhaps he had been projecting - but he also saw love.

And he wanted to worship every part of the man he knew he was falling for.

They walked into his bedroom and Will shut the door by backing Hannibal up against it, one hand firmly against his hips, the other resting by Hannibal's head.

"I'm going to kiss you now, Hannibal," It was hardly necessary for Will to inform the man who was pressed up against his bedroom door that he was about to kiss him, but he did it anyway just to make the corner of Dr. Lecter's mouth turn up in a smile, which he returned as he cupped Hannibal's face gingerly, watching as he leaned into the caress when his eyes fluttered shut.

It was a gentle kiss, one that made Dr. Lecter's toes curl against the carpeting, as Will's mouth moved slowly against his, sucking on his bottom lip before introducing his tongue, his thumb rubbing back and forth against a patch of bare skin after he yanked the shirt out of Hannibal's trousers. It was making goosebumps appear on his skin, and he felt Will smile into the kiss when he shivered under Will's ministrations.

Hannibal's hands fisted the lapels of Will's jacket, pulling him impossibly closer as he titled his head to deepen the kiss, his mouth open and pliant as he accepted Will's gentle sucks on his tongue. Although Hannibal was not generally one for cheesy romance, as much as he considered himself a romantic, something like fireworks seemed to be going off in his brain as Will pressed himself against Hannibal and poured his energy into worshipping Dr. Lecter's mouth.

Will reluctantly pulled away for air and took in Hannibal's dazed appearance with appreciation; the man was absolutely gorgeous with his shirt collar messed up, lips spit slick

and red, eyes glassy and trousers tented.

"Will," Hannibal keened, running his palms over Will's shirt, wishing he was touching skin instead, "Where in the world did you learn to kiss like that?"

A slow grin spread across Will's face as he took off his jacket and tossed it carelessly across the room, acutely aware of how Hannibal had not moved from his position pressed against the door. He was in place, waiting for Will's instruction.

"I don't have an answer for that one, Hannibal," Will leaned forward to give the man a soft, short kiss that had Hannibal chasing his lips. "But I can tell you that I've never kissed anyone else like that before."

"I should hope not." Hannibal's smile had Will weak in the knees, so he dipped his head back for another kiss, this one decidedly more lewd from the start, and Will's fingers fumbled as they began to undo the buttons of Hannibal's now-wrinkly dress shirt.

Will broke away as he pushed the offending material down Hannibal's arms, a quiet moan escaping as he noticed the way Hannibal's muscles jumped when his fingers came in contact with skin. "Get on the bed," He mumbled, pressing his lips to the hollow of Hannibal's throat before he stepped aside. Hannibal obeyed instantly, eyes trained on Will as Will relieved himself of his own shirt, pants, and socks, black briefs the only thing keeping his body from Hannibal's sight.

Hannibal peered up at Will from where he was on the bed, already comfortable with his head propped up on a pillow. He groaned as Will crawled on top of him, knees on either side of his waist, mouth and hands dragging through his chest hair, fingers stopping to toy with his nipples as he slunk down further until his mouth was kissing the skin right above where his pants got in the way.

One of Hannibal's hands reached down to swipe Will's curls out of his eyes as he undid Hannibal's belt and fly, and Will looked up at him with a smile before dipping back down to mouth at his length through his ridiculously expensive underwear. Will pushed himself up on his knees to come back up to Hannibal's mouth for a moment, savoring the way Hannibal's teeth caught his lower lip as he pulled back again.

Will tamped down his insecurity as he tucked his fingers under the band of Hannibal's underwear, coming around to squeeze Hannibal's ass lightly as he pulled them down enough to get a glimpse of toned thighs, Hannibal's cock jutting proudly against his stomach. Will's mouth watered as he dipped down and ran his tongue along it for the first time.

"Will," Hannibal's abs clenched as he fought to keep his hips from thrusting up of their own accord. Will looked up before opening his mouth and taking the head of Hannibal's cock in, eyes fluttering as he grew accustomed to the feel of something heavy and hot in his mouth, precum already dripping on his tongue as he swirled it around to fill his senses with the heady taste. "Oh, fuck."

He attempted to take more of Hannibal's length in, getting surprisingly far before his throat stopped him, and the noise he made had Hannibal keening as he threw his arm over his eyes.

Will pulled off to gather himself, cheeks flushed with effort, mind in a completely different space. A string of saliva connected his lips to the head of Hannibal's cock but he ignored it in favor of going back down, this time attempting to suck more as he moved his head up and down, tongue laving as much as possible, making it easier for his hand to come up and caress what he couldn't take in his mouth.

The sounds Hannibal was making had Will rock hard in his briefs, and he did not press down against the mattress for relief. He would find that relief in the form of Hannibal's pleasure only.

Will jaw was already beginning to get tired, so he raised himself up a little to firmly suck on the head, tongue digging into Hannibal's slit, eyes closing as he savored the taste he found there and the sound of Hannibal's whimpers growing increasingly louder.

"I'm going to come if you keep doing that, Will," Hannibal's fingers carded through the now-sweaty curls, petting Will in a way that made him purr, mouth leaving Hannibal's length with a pop. Cherry red lips curved into a smile - he was proud of himself for his first time, if Hannibal being a mess was anything to go by. "You're perfect, Will. Just perfect."

Hannibal's cock was sticky with spit and slick as Will continue to jack it lazily, raising himself up on his knees and bracketing Hannibal's waist once more. "I want you inside me, Will," Hannibal confessed as Will mouthed at his neck, sucking on his pulse point, reveling in how Dr. Lecter's body yielded to his, reacting to the slightest skim of fingers up his side or the tip of Will's tongue prodding his skin. "Please."

Will hummed, leaning back to marvel at the blossoming mark, eyes shining as he reached over to his bedside drawer to pull out the bottle of lube he'd been storing since his sexual appetite had reared its head.

"Be patient, Hannibal," Will said with a smile as he pressed a kiss to the man's flushed cheek. "Take your clothes off for me." Hannibal sat up as soon as Will moved off him, and Will couldn't resist a laugh at the speed with which Hannibal rid himself of his pants, socks, and underwear. He found himself underneath the older man, both of them grinning. Will couldn't stop running his hands over the thick thighs that were on display, and he could tell Hannibal was enjoying the rapt attention, if his little smirk and the way he loomed over Will was any clue.

Hannibal grabbed one of Will's hands and placed the bottle of lube Will had thrown onto the mattress into it. Will got the message, and sat up to place a lingering kiss on Dr. Lecter's lips as he readied his fingers. Hannibal kept him there, hands gripping his face as he kissed him deeper, a moan escaping his mouth into Will's as Will's slick fingers made their way to their destination. He massaged the hole with the two generously lubed fingers first, his other hand gripping a firm ass cheek as Hannibal's body once again yielded to his actions.

Will's middle finger breached first, slowly, and Hannibal's hips sunk down eagerly at the first press, mouth falling away from Will's to rest his head on Will's shoulder and nip at his neck. Hannibal was so relaxed; so pliant, that Will replaced one finger with two, scissoring gently, stretching his rim to hear the pretty whine paired with a less-than delicate squirm in Will's lap.

"More," Hannibal pushed as he ground down onto Will's thrusting fingers, taking his earlobe between his teeth and tugging when Will withdrew completely to smear more lube on his hand. Will tilted his head to kiss Hannibal's cheek again, smiling when the feistiness that had taken ahold of him evaporated under the sweeter gestures.

Will worked his two fingers back in, adding a third after being satisfied with the stretch, and he knocked against Hannibal's prostate, making Hannibal jerk in his embrace. "You're going to be so perfect around my cock," Will murmured softly as Hannibal's hole accepted his fingers greedily, clenching and responding to each thrust or twist.

Hannibal moaned at Will's words, head lolling back as he rubbed his hands up and down Will's chest, coming up to rest on Will's shoulders.

It was at that point Will decided to flip their position - he withdrew his fingers and maneuvered Hannibal underneath his body, slotting himself between Hannibal's legs with his hands on either side of Hannibal's face as he dipped down to give him one of those earth-shattering kisses again, all the while his hand coated in lube worked over his length.

He tapped his cock against Hannibal's rim, his tongue flicking against Hannibal's upper lip as he pulled away. Their gazes locked together as Will pushed forward, sinking in with a groan, arms shaking as he held himself up, pleasure he'd never felt before coursing through his body. "God, Hannibal," One arm went to hook around the leg Hannibal hitched up Will's hips, pulling his body to fully sit on Will's cock.

Hannibal's back arched off the bed as Will pulled himself up on his knees, shifting his position. Hannibal lifted his other leg and pressed his heel into Will's ass, bringing him impossibly deeper. Will hadn't moved yet; he was too busy getting his bearings so that he didn't shoot his load prematurely - and it was at that point he realized he hadn't put a condom on.

"Fuck, I - you know I haven't had sex in a long time," Will blushed furiously but laughed along with Hannibal who was taken off-guard by the comment. "I didn't put a condom on. I'm clean."

"I think you know better than to assume that I would let you fuck me without a condom if I wasn't clean or didn't think you were, Will," Hannibal's skin was flushed and covered with a sheen of sweat, and as he looked up at Will with a smirk from behind the hair that had fallen down into his face, that same precious feeling that had come over him when he led Hannibal down the hall into his bedroom made a reappearance.

Warmth filled him as he began thrusting slowly, just a gentle shift of his hips in a steady rhythm, his eyes feasting on the sight of Hannibal stretched out beneath him, arms spread out to grip the sheets on either side, jawline that rivaled those carved in marble by the likes of Michelangelo on display as he pressed the side of his face into the pillow his head rested on.

Will had literally been dreaming about fucking Hannibal for longer than he admitted in therapy; it had occurred before his wet dreams had become a nightly routine, but as he engaged in the act with Hannibal now, this first time was less of a fucking. He was hoping

that he wasn't imagining the fact that it felt more like making love; like an experience driven by more than desire.

Desire was felt by each man equally, of course, but the underlying feelings that were going unspoken permeated the air as they joined together, their moans in sync and harmonized, hips meeting in a constant rhythm that never went offbeat. Will was focused on keeping Hannibal's pleasure at its highest possible peak, and Hannibal was drowning in the realization of Will doing so. He couldn't bring himself to reach up and touch, so he simply surrendered and let Will do as he wished - set the pace, the position, the depth. He hadn't been on his back for someone since he was young - not that he hadn't fucked himself, but he was beyond the point in his life where he would trust just anyone to treat his body with respect.

"There, Will," Hannibal's eyes flew open on a particularly harsh thrust against his prostate, and Will grinded his hips on the same spot to hear Hannibal's whine float through the air again; to see his back come up off the mattress again, his stomach taut as he clenched around Will's cock like he never wanted it to leave his body.

Hannibal's cock was leaking copiously against his stomach, untouched but twitching with every thrust, and he knew if Will kept grinding on his prostate it wouldn't be much longer until he was done.

"I - I'm close, Will," He warned, breath catching as Will caught his eyes. Will's pupils were blown wide, the blue a bright ring around the black, his swollen lips parted as he exhaled heavily. Will's thrusts calmed down a bit as he bent down to kiss Hannibal. Hannibal was sure there would be bruises on his thigh from where Will was gripping him, and he sighed into the kiss as pressure from that spot subsided in favor of Will's hand palming his ass instead.

Will's stomach rubbed against Hannibal's cock, smearing precum on their skin, and Hannibal moaned brokenly as the feeling of impending orgasm grew, Will's new position allowing him to feel deeper as he leaned over Hannibal's body, their breaths mingling, lips brushing constantly but never staying fully connected.

Will was surprised that he had lasted this long; he had been right about how perfect Hannibal would feel around his cock, like he was made to be one with the man underneath him.

And it was sheer coincidence but also not a coincidence at all that they came together, as they had begun to blur.

Hannibal spurted up his chest; his come smearing in his chest hair and against Will's skin as Will pressed himself down, emptying into Hannibal with a shout, the feeling of Hannibal clenching around him prompting another release, and he chanced a look down to see a mix of lube and come beginning to drip down the backs of Hannibal's thighs, come beading at the tip of Hannibal's cock, and if he could've gotten hard again, he would have right then at the sight.

"Oh, fuck," Will mumbled, a shaky hand keeping him from collapsing on top of Hannibal entirely. Hannibal sought out that hand, though, and let Will fall against him with a pleased grunt, wincing as Will slipped from him and the evidence of his pleasure begin to seep out onto his skin. "Hannibal."

The reverent tone with which his name was spoken caught Hannibal by surprise, and he wrapped his arms around the curly-haired man with affection as Will kissed his lips tenderly, the world seeming miles away from their shared night in Will's bedroom.

"Can I convince you to shower with me?" Will mumbled against his lips, unable to leave Hannibal's side. He couldn't stop running his fingers across Hannibal's perfect skin, couldn't let his lips leave Hannibal's face or mouth, and he didn't want the smile that was playing on the older man's face to leave either. There was a glow about him that was drawing Will like a moth to a flame, and he briefly wondered if this was what falling in love felt like; uncontrollable, in the middle wondering where it had begun.

"Mmm, I don't need much convincing," Hannibal nuzzled Will's neck, body sated, mind at peace. After a moment of basking in their afterglow, they tumbled to the bathroom together and stepped under the warm water, never leaving each other's embrace.

Hannibal washed Will's hair, a soft smile on his features as Will keened with the feeling of the massage. Will ran his soapy fingers all over Hannibal's body, fingers tracing the veins on the tops of his feet, the dip of the backs of his knees, hand swiping gingerly over Hannibal's puffy entrance, ridding him of Will's release coating his skin.

Under the warm shower spray Hannibal took the lead of a kiss; fingers tightly gripping Will's wet hair as he made the man who had sent him reeling all night receive a token of appreciation. "You're so good, Will," Hannibal said softly, watching as Will's eyes fluttered open.

"Maybe we're just good together," Will said without thinking about it, smiling. Hannibal returned the smile and they got out of the shower, tumbling back into bed naked after toweling off.

Hannibal fell asleep in Will's embrace, and Will gazed at the man as he slept, moonlight from the window casting light on his face. If he had known this would be the outcome of confessing his dreams, he might've done it after he had the first one.

He smirked to himself and shook his head as his eyelids began to droop; sleep beckoning. If he had told Dr. Lecter right away, who knows how long it would have taken for him to develop a list of fantasies he wanted to act out?

~

Chapter End Notes

I was feeling some type of way when I wrote this one, y'all. I had a crazy weekend (including Mads seeing my instagram story twice, wtf I still can't believe that shit happened) so I wrote this today thanks to work being slow!!

More will be up soon! These boyz are in luv :)))))) thanks for reading. as usual, y'all make my days better <3

this is where the fun gets fluffy

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will go on a date.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"You're looking awfully chipper," Alana strode into Will's office with an eyebrow raised; small smile on her face. "What did you do this weekend?"

Will's face flared as he thought about waking up Saturday morning with his cock in Dr. Lecter's mouth. It had been the best wake-up call he had experienced in...ever.

"Not much," It was true, had hadn't done much. Hannibal had gone home after breakfast, saying he had errands to attend to in town, and Will had nodded, letting him go at the door with a deep kiss that promised a return. Hannibal hadn't returned, however, because Will didn't ask him to. And Sunday, after a Saturday of quiet, Will had sat all day without reaching for his phone to text or call the doctor, because he wasn't sure what was going on. "Had a pretty lazy weekend."

Little did Will know that Hannibal's mind was working the same way. He did have things to attend to on Saturday - not that he would have minded bringing Will along to the market, butcher, flower shop, tailor...but he hadn't because that seemed too domestic. Will was approaching him for relief from wet dreams, not relief from want of a life partner. And he couldn't quite believe that he was getting the opportunity to lavish Will with praise in the way that he was...he wasn't going to mess that up just when it had begun by overstepping boundaries.

Hannibal, of course, realized that a simple conversation would clear the air, but it didn't seem all that simple when he looked into Will's eyes and tried to tell him that he wasn't just helping him for the incredible orgasms.

"Heard your second lecture this morning," Alana remarked, watching Will shuffle through a stack of papers on his desk. "You're speaking with clarity. More so than before. What's your new trick?"

Will thought about how Hannibal's eyes shined whenever he told Hannibal about his success separating work and personal life. It made Hannibal proud; therefore he wanted to keep doing it. Hannibal was the one behind it.

"Hannibal," Will said casually, glancing up at Alana to see the soft smile that had been pasted on drop for a moment.

"He told you?" Alana seemed a little shocked. "I didn't think he would tell you. But I guess maybe I should ask if you told him."

Will was confused, and it showed on his face. He took his glasses off and asked, "What are you talking about, Alana?"

"When I went to Hannibal's for dinner - whenever that was," She waved her hand, attempting nonchalance. "He told me that he has feelings for you. I guess you told him about your own."

Will's eyes widened and his heart picked up speed. How did Alana know of his feelings? And Hannibal returned the sentiment?

"Oh," Alana pursed her lips. "He didn't tell you. I'm sorry, I hope I didn't just ruin something." The curious look in her eyes had Will feeling like she wasn't really sorry at all; no, she was more eager to know the situation that involved both men she had dallied with at one point or the other.

"No," Will breathed, a smile coming over his features as he relaxed into the news, happy in knowing that he had been worrying all weekend for nothing. "On the contrary, you just made something a whole lot better."

She cocked her head to the side as he ignored the task he had been doing and fished his phone out of his briefcase.

"Excuse me Alana, I have to make a call."

~

Hannibal's phone buzzed on the table next to him. He glanced at his patient who was blowing his nose into a tissue and wrinkled his own nose in disgust - one look at the man across from him confirmed that he would be okay with a quick break from their discussion.

"Pardon me one moment Franklyn, I do apologize but I must take this." Will's contact name was flashing and Franklyn waved a hand around, mumbling something about "no problem, I'll just gather myself while you-"

Hannibal stood up from his cross-legged position and walked out into his empty waiting room. Franklyn was his last client before lunch break.

"Hello, Will," Hannibal greeted warmly, his little smile evident in his voice. He had missed his Will over the weekend and hoped nothing was wrong. "How may I be of service?"

"Jesus," Will muttered, clearly smiling as well. "I can think of a few ways."

Hannibal laughed softly. "I'm sure you can."

"Um, actually, I called to see if you could do dinner tonight." Will squeezed his eyes shut, still fearing rejection despite Alana's little slip in his office.

Something had happened, Hannibal realized. He knew of Will's feelings for him; of course, but apparently Will was now aware of them himself. Maybe. He could just want a dinner companion and perhaps Ms. Katz was not available.

"My schedule is free, yes. What did you have in mind?" Something akin to a blush crept up Hannibal's face.

"Well, I'd like to take you out on a date, Hannibal. So I'll pick you up at your place around 7pm and we'll go from there. How does that sound?" Will's rush of confidence was fleeting; the possibility of Hannibal turning him down still evident - maybe Hannibal had only hinted at feelings toward Will for Alana so that she wouldn't pursue him herself. Too late now; the invitation was already out there.

Hannibal swallowed, a strange feeling rising in his chest. He knew how taken he was with Will, but his own dreams materializing before his eyes seemed too good to be true. "That sounds lovely, Will." He managed, unable to fight the smile that was forming. Franklyn would surely sense a change in mood when he walked back in; his usual expertise at hiding emotion may not be able to cover this unusual event.

"Alright, Hannibal. I'll let you go...and see you tonight," Will's tone was even, betraying his grin and butterflies in his stomach.

"Yes, I will see you this evening. Have a good afternoon, Will." Hannibal hung up, deposited his cell phone into his jacket pocket, and rubbed his hands over his face, attempting to gather himself to finish up with Franklyn.

Apparently he hadn't gathered himself enough, because red-eyed Franklyn looked up at him warily when he walked back in. Hannibal couldn't even bring himself to twitch at the two discarded tissues on the side table. "Well, you seem to be in a better mood, Dr. Lecter."

"Perhaps I am, Franklyn," Hannibal let a professional smile slip onto his face. "But let's focus on bettering your mood instead, hm?" Franklyn nodded quickly and Hannibal grabbed his notepad, forcing himself to shift back into patient mode.

~

Will rushed home, waving without stopping to any coworker who said his name in passing. He made record time to his house; letting his dogs out and feeding them their dinner before he hopped in the shower. His mind clouded over with what happened in his shower on Friday night, and he bit his lip, shifting the water from warm to cold and yelping as he did so.

He shivered as he stood naked in front of his open closet, nothing jumping out at him as suitable for an actual date with Hannibal. He was sure Hannibal would be dazzling as ever in his clothes that probably costed more than one of Will's paychecks - and Will's paychecks were nothing to be laughed at.

He tugged on a pair of red briefs before a sweater in the corner of his closet caught his eye. It was an ivory cable-knit turtleneck that he hadn't worn in a long time, but he liked it. It just didn't seem all that appropriate to teach in, and the color was not great for crime scenes. He

rarely went anywhere else, but tonight was an opportunity. He half smiled and threw it on, and grabbed a pair of dark fitted jeans as well. His soft brown leather dress boots completed the ensemble, and when he looked into the full length mirror shoved in the corner of his bedroom, he thought he didn't look half bad.

After checking on his dogs one last time, Will got back into his car to drive to Hannibal's place, mind racing with where he could take Hannibal for a dinner that would even be half as good as his home cooking. He knew it was lame of him to have Hannibal make the suggestion considering it was his own idea, but he wanted the night to be perfect - although he doubted bad food was lead to a bad date, it wouldn't help matters any.

Will hummed along to the various classic rock songs that streamed from his radio, his fingers restlessly tapping against the wheel as he drove the familiar roads leading to Hannibal's home. His nerves had settled but were very much there - sex and actually dating were two different animals, and this was all so fresh and sudden despite he and Dr. Lecter having known each other for a decent amount of time now.

The more he thought about it, the more natural of a course it seemed - it didn't matter that Hannibal had come into his life under less that normal circumstances for finding a partner; it didn't matter that Hannibal was the first man he had considered having a real relationship with. What they had went deeper than that and he hoped Hannibal truly felt that way too.

Finally pulling onto the familiar street, Dr. Lecter's house looked imposing as usual, but Will couldn't bring himself to hesitate. He pulled up, got out of the car, and rang the doorbell, nibbling on his bottom lip as he heard footsteps echo behind the door. It swung open to reveal Hannibal, looking utterly delectable in a navy pullover with a white button up, navy and gray striped tie perfectly tucked and knotted. He smiled at Will with something close to shyness, eyes sweeping over the younger man as he committed the moment to memory.

"You look," Will swallowed, forgoing a greeting, trying to find the right word as his worlds collided.

Hannibal's smile only grew and he tipped his head, picking up the silence, "As do you, dear Will."

Their gazes locked together, eyes searching, before Will looked away, silently laughing. He heard Hannibal chuckle too before grabbing his coat from where it was waiting by the door. "I can't believe we're going on a date."

"Where are you taking me?" Hannibal asked, joining Will on the stoop and shutting the door behind him.

"Well," Will began, unconsciously opening the passenger side door for Hannibal, making him smile and brush Will's free hand in thanks, "I have an idea but if you have a favorite spot I'll be more than happy to take you wherever you would like to go."

He shut the door and hurried over to his side so he could get Hannibal's answer.

"I just want to be with you, Will," Hannibal let himself say as he buckled his seatbelt. "It doesn't matter where we end up." Will's lips parted slightly as he glanced over at Dr. Lecter, and he found the man staring straight ahead, bottom lip pulled between his teeth. Will's right hand came up to tilt Hannibal's face his way, and when their eyes met Will leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to Hannibal's mouth, fingers tracing his jaw delicately before pulling back.

Will started the car, feeling heat creep up his cheeks, and he began the drive to his favorite Italian restaurant owned by a little old woman named Greta. He had stumbled upon the gem a few years ago and visited every now and then - Greta always remembered him and told him to bring a friend next time he came in. This was the first time he would be doing so.

E Lucevan Le Stelle was playing softly over the speakers when they entered the dimly but tastefully lit restaurant; Hannibal smiled at the music and his smile only grew wider when a short woman with thick dark hair braided down her back said Will's name with a thick Italian accent.

"Will! It has been too long, boy, where have you been?" Will blushed but waved in acknowledgement. "You brought a friend this time too, good boy!"

"Hi Greta," He greeted the woman as she walked up to the front and shooed the hostess out of the way so she could lead the gentleman to their table herself. "This is Dr. Hannibal Lecter."

"Very nice to meet you, Mr. Dr. Hannibal Lecter," She grinned, sweeping her arm in invitation for the two to sit in the small round booth in the back corner of the restaurant. A Tiffany-style round light fixture hung over the table, casting it in a soft yellow glow, and wax dripped from the wine bottle candle sitting as a centerpiece. It was cozy.

The woman reached out and lightly smacked Will's hand as he began to reach for the red leather menu on the table, saying, "I will take care of everything for you boys tonight, trust Greta, she knows best. Sit back and relax." She grabbed the menus with a flourish and flounced to the kitchen, making Hannibal raise his eyebrows.

"She seems like quite the woman," Hannibal took in his surroundings, his knee knocking against Will's under the table. "I like your choice already, Will."

"I know you probably usually go to the extreme fine dining places but really, this is just as good if not better and I hadn't been here in a while so I figured it would be a good place to -" Hannibal stopped Will's rambling by pressing his index finger to Will's lips. Will resisted the urge to dart his tongue out and lick the digit; realizing that would probably be highly inappropriate for their public setting.

"Will," Hannibal's husky voice filled Will's senses and made him take in a deep breath. "This is perfect. Thank you."

Hannibal let his hand drop from Will's mouth as a waiter approached with a bottle of red wine, pouring it carefully into the waiting wine glasses, another waiter on his heels with a plate of bruschetta. "Greta will be out to see how everything tastes in a moment. Is there anything else I can get for you right now?"

Hannibal looked up at him and smiled after glancing at Will, shaking his head slightly. "Thank you, we are fine."

"How was work today?" Will asked before taking a bite of the appetizer.

Hannibal took a sip of wine before answering, "Everything went well. I had the patient who is a little obsessed with me pay a visit today. He was...distraught at my explaining how it was not possible for us to become friends."

"Should you be telling me this, Dr. Lecter?" Will teased, a small smile on his face. "Doctor-patient confidentiality and all."

Hannibal shrugged, "I highly doubt this patient would be averse to knowing I have discussed him outside of therapy. He has approached me several times in public - dare I say he ventured out to where I was to stumble upon me - and has on numerous occasions invited me to dine or attend theater with him."

Will pursed his lips. "Sounds like someone may have a little crush on you."

"Mm," Hannibal smirked slightly. "I'm hoping someone does but not that patient."

Will blushed and grinned. "I think we're a little past crushes, don't you think?"

"Yes," Hannibal agreed, eyes shining once again with what Will thought looked very similar to a certain four-letter word. "I am inclined to agree with you."

~

"Well that was simply delicious," Hannibal dabbed at his mouth delicately with the red cloth napkin, setting it on the table next to his empty plate. "I think we will have to visit this restaurant more often."

Will smiled at the "we," about to respond when Greta sidled up to the table, grinning widely as she observed their empty plates.

"How was everything, gentlemen?"

"Great, thank you," Will answered, his heart full as all of his doubts about tonight had vanished. "I hate to say it, but I forgot how good your food is, Greta."

"See? That means you must come by more. And bring your lovely Mr. Dr. Lecter here with you," She winked at him.

"I will," He promised, blushing as Hannibal's foot nudged his under the table.

"I almost forgot," Greta turned back, snatching the bill where it had been placed at the edge of the table by the waiter. "Tonight is on the house, my treat."

"No, Greta -" She held up her hand as both Will and Hannibal started to protest.

"Don't give me any back talk," She wagged her finger. "Seeing a couple that looks truly in love is good enough for me. If you want to pay for food so bad, come back again and I'll let you pay."

Will's face turned beet red and Hannibal's smile was dazzling, his own cheeks pink at Greta's observance. "Thank you Greta." He called after her as she sauntered back to the kitchen, giving them another wave before she disappeared through the doors.

"You know, Will, I quite like being referred to as 'your Mr. Dr. Lecter.'" Hannibal teased, both men declining to comment on Greta saying they were in love, despite the thoughts racing through their minds.

"Do you now?" Will knocked his shoulder against Hannibal's as they stood and turned to leave the establishment. Their hands found each other and fingers intertwined as Will lead them outside to his car.

The drive back to Hannibal's house was too short, so, unable to leave Dr. Lecter's side just yet, he walked him up to the front door. "Stay with me tonight," Hannibal said softly, turning to press his back up against the door, eyes on Will who stood on the step below him.

Will took a deep breath at the invitation despite having been there with Dr. Lecter before. It felt different now. Hannibal did look tempting; soft hair, cheeks ruddy from the whipping wind, lips stained from the red wine at dinner.

"We have work tomorrow, I have papers to grade. Need to let the dogs out," Will crowded his space even as he listed all the reasons he couldn't stay. Hannibal's hands landed on his hips and Will felt their warmth through leather gloves and his cable sweater. Their noses brushed and breaths mingled in the air.

"I know," Hannibal frowned, leaning into Will's hand that had come up to cup his face. "Kiss me before you go."

Will did immediately, pushing Hannibal further against the door as he took, his tongue stroking Hannibal's with promises of another night to be spent together soon. Hannibal groaned, going lax under Will's passion, tasting every inch of his mouth as the kiss got progressively messier - teeth tugging lips, tongues soothing the bite, swollen mouths supped gently.

Will made himself pull back before he knew he very well might not be able to leave. "Goodnight, Hannibal," He whispered, pressing a feather light kiss to the older man's open, panting mouth.

"Goodnight, Will."

Hannibal watched Will go down the driveway before he turned his key in the lock to open his door, and he turned to see Will looking at him, waiting for him to go inside before he left. He raised his hand in a wave, smiling, and Will did the same.

Hannibal slumped against the door after he closed it, wondering if Will realized that he was the one making the dreams come true now.

~

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for the long wait with this update! Finals happened, work happened...but I managed to crank this one out, without any smut *shocker*

I fear this will be wrapping up soon! A few more delectable dreams come true before I say goodbye to this fun little fic and maybe work on another one?? we shall see!

thanks again for all your lovely comments and kudos; y'all are so freaking nice!!! <3
stay hungry friends

this is where the fun includes...love?

Chapter Summary

Will has a little word vomit when talking on the phone with Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will felt warm and giddy when he got home even though he wished he hadn't needed to leave Hannibal for the night. He greeted his dogs with a grin and many pets, his joyous mood infectious, prompting late-night playtime before he decided to get some work done. He made it through half of his latest stack of papers to grade before he couldn't read the words on the page anymore and took himself to bed.

He toyed casually with the band of his briefs after he was settled, wondering if a dream might happen tonight, and if so - would it be a sweeter one because of how their date had gone?

He bit his lower lip as he thought about how intense it had been to be inside Hannibal. His mind wandered to what it would feel like if Hannibal did the same to him...before he knew it he was lightly stroking his fingers over his length through the material clothing it, chest and face flushing as his hole clenched when he thought about Hannibal eating him out the same way he had done just a few days ago.

The man's mouth worked wonders, he knew that much already, and to feel his tongue pet over the sensitive, untouched skin - Will groaned, unceremoniously shucking his boxers off, giving his half-hard dick a promising squeeze as he reached over to his bedside table and grabbed the lube. His phone was sitting right there, and his eyes flashed as he considered picking it up and letting Hannibal know that even though they weren't together right now, he was on his mind.

He decided against it, instead choosing that he would tell Hannibal about it later and maybe spark something if he was lucky.

The lube was cold when he squirted it out into his palm, and he warmed it up with his fingers as he sat on his knees, leaning forward slightly. He rubbed a wet index finger over his entrance and his mouth fell open at the tight resistance that faded as soon as he relaxed his muscles and closed his eyes, picturing Hannibal prepping him for something a little bit bigger.

"Oh," he murmured to himself as he slowly sunk one finger in, squirming at the intrusion, knowing it would feel good once he got the hang of it. His wrist twisted as he relaxed again, lifting his lips slightly as he slowly began fisting his cock in his other hand. He let his head

loll back, mouth falling open with short breaths as he began to feel a different sensation, his hole clenching involuntarily around the one finger like it wanted more.

He carefully slid in his middle finger and decided to focus on that, letting his dick go in favor of trailing fingers up his chest to pinch at his nipples. The few times Hannibal had scratched over them with his fingernails and teeth had made Will wonder just how sensitive he could get, and he pulled and prodded a little harsher than necessary at his chest as his hips began to swivel on his fingers more.

"Oh shit," he whimpered, body aching for Hannibal's mouth and hands, or even just his presence, watching Will take himself apart with those dark eyes, murmuring words of encouragement and praise for Will opening himself up for his cock.

"Yes," he heard himself whisper aloud as he imagined Hannibal asking if he wanted his cock inside. "Yes," louder this time, fingers pinching boldly at a red nipple, cock leaking now that his fingers were working double, in and out, twisting this way and that as he searched for his prostate.

He fell forward, the hand stroking down his chest catching him above the mattress as he did find that spot; a moan leaving his lips at the new position nearly on all fours. He could almost feel Hannibal's hand gripping his hip, one trailing down the dip in his spine until those fingers would come tap on his entrance to watch it wink before he lined his cock up.

"Ohhh fuck," Will groaned, letting his chest fall to the bed, grinding down to get friction against his cock as he rubbed that spot inside, the pressure building up in his stomach signaling that his release was not far off. He was leaking against the sheets; he knew he was about to make a mess, but he couldn't find it in himself to care.

"Fuck!" He shouted, forehead pressed into his pillow, fingers stilling as he spurted all over the sheets, come clinging to his cock making it look downright obscene. He arched his back at the unfamiliar feeling of pulling his fingers out of his body, and flopped against the other half of the mattress, curls sticking to his face.

He fell asleep with the thought that he needed to clean up, but the image of Hannibal worshipping his body followed right behind it.

~

The rest of the week passed by in a blur. Hannibal had patients all hours of the day, Will had work and got called out on two cases in the middle of the night - they had exchanged smiles in passing if they had seen each other, and some texts too, but they needed to really see each other in person - not in the hallway at work.

"Come fish with me," Will offered as they talked over the phone during their lunch break on Friday. "The dogs love you and I'd like to spend the day with you."

Hannibal smiled, leaning back in his desk chair, imagining watching Will fish and sketching him as he did so, sunlight highlighting his skin and creating a halo around his curls. "I would like that too. Count me in."

Will grinned and bit his lip, the prospect of spending a whole weekend with Hannibal, no interruptions, seeming like a possibility if they spent all day at the river and then went back to his house to shower, have dinner...fall asleep after some delicious sex...and wake up next to each other like it was the most natural thing in the world. The one time it had happened so far, it had been.

"Great. Meet me at my house at...oh, 5am?" Will laughed as he heard Hannibal gasp slightly. "Too early for you, Dr. Lecter?" He teased.

"For a weekend, I must admit it is strange," Hannibal laughed too. "But anything for you, dear Will."

"Thanks," Will said softly, meaning it. He looked up just as Beverly walked into the room, and he checked his watch to realize that he was supposed to be going to look over the results on a body five minutes ago. "I'm sorry, I have to go, I'm late for work. But I'll see you tomorrow. Love you."

He ended the phone call before what he had said registered in his brain. "Oh shit," His eyes widened and he clapped a hand over his mouth. "Oh no, Beverly, oh no!" He cried, looking down at his phone as if it had offended him. "I wasn't supposed to say that!"

"What weren't you supposed to say?" Beverly looked amused and surprised by Will's panic, he was pacing around the office, running his fingers through his hair, before he slumped down again in his desk chair, forgetting all about the fact that Beverly had come to collect him for his opinion on a case. "Did I miss something?"

"You didn't hear me say," He looked up, horrified, "'Love you?'"

She grinned widely, crossing her arms over her chest. "That wasn't supposed to slip, huh? Who were you talking to?"

Will ran his fingers through his hair again, his face in his hands as he mumbled, "Hannibal." He thought Beverly may not have heard it but her shriek was a clear indication that she had.

"Hannibal? As in Dr. Hannibal Lecter?" She was leaning on his desk now, grin still in place. "Will, please tell me you started seeing him! Oh my god!"

"It only started a couple of weeks ago," He groaned, blushing furiously. "I mean, we've gotten close - I think - but not that close, now he's going to think I'm legitimately crazy."

Beverly rolled her eyes and stood up straight when Will stood up from his chair again. "Will, ask anyone who is in the department that has worked with you and Hannibal together. He's been making moon eyes at you since you snapped at him the first day he walked in."

He met her fond gaze, chewing on his bottom lip. "Really?"

She shook her head, smiling in disbelief. "The way both of you are so perceptive about people and somehow can't see that you've been crushing on one another for a very long time is beyond me."

"Maybe he didn't hear it," Will decided, knowing he had hung up relatively fast. "It's going to be fine. Everything's going to be fine, I'll see him tomorrow and I won't bring it up, it'll be fine."

Beverly just kept smiling. "Sure, Will. Let's go work on that case and get your mind off this, huh?" She looped her arm through his, Will not even caring enough to shake off the physical contact. He let her lead him through the hallways as he compartmentalized and set aside what just happened to think about more a little later.

~

Hannibal stared at his phone like it had bit him. Did he imagine those words or did it actually happen? His office phone recorded all calls for any business purposes he might have, so he quickly went to the call log and pressed play on their conversation, mind racing through the first half until he got to the point where Will asked about going fishing.

Then he heard it, "But I'll see you tomorrow. Love you." The call ended right as he said you, and Hannibal wished he would have had the strength to call Will back right away, return the sentiment, soothe the nerves that had no doubt reared their ugly head as Will realized what had left his mouth. Hannibal highly doubted that Will intended to let those words slip, but that made it so much sweeter. It assured Hannibal that Will really meant them; that it seemed natural for Will to love him and want to tell him.

A blush and a smile decorated Dr. Lecter's face as he let the words sink in. His precious Will, this enigma he had been falling for since the moment he made cautious eye contact and heard a snarky remark, loved him. For some it may have seemed too soon. But no, they had known each other mentally intimately for a while now, the physical had been introduced, and the romantic sidled into the picture, and it all seemed too good to be true.

Hannibal found himself wondering how he should greet Will in the morning. He knew the younger man was likely to be very reserved and closed off in the wake of this incident, and he couldn't just barge up into Will's house with a ring and say 'marry me.' He wholeheartedly wanted to make the moment extremely special for whenever he said, "I love you," but he knew that it would most likely come out at an inopportune time much like Will's had.

"He loves me," Hannibal said to himself. "Oh, Will." He sighed and glanced at his patient calendar for the rest of the day. He wished he could make all the names disappear so he could lay on his chaise with a glass of wine and replay the words over and over again in his head until he fully came to terms with them.

But no. A knock on his door sounded and he took a deep breath as he grounded himself back in work. 5am in the morning suddenly seemed like a long way off.

~

Chapter End Notes

I can't believe this fic has over 300 kudos??? wtf??? i love y'all so much. here's little update for you <3 next update will include a fishing day!! yay!! and perhaps a little more than that *wink wink*

stay hungry friends, thank you so much for your kudos and comments and everything. y'all are the best.

this is where the fun includes a bj by the water

Chapter Summary

Hannibal arrives at Will's house for a day of fishing.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A ping from his phone sounded as Will stumbled into his house, smiling as he swerved around the dogs that greeted him as he carried groceries he had made himself stop and get before coming home into the kitchen. Once he set the bags down, he retrieved his phone from his pocket and bit his lip at Hannibal's name lighting his screen up.

It was a simple question asking if there was anything he needed to bring tomorrow, and he eyed the bags he'd piled on the counter full of picnic food for their lunch. Prosciutto, grapes, four kinds of cheese, crackers, hummus - everything he had devoured from the charcuterie at a New Years party Alana had thrown a while back. He hadn't bought any wine though, because the labels were too intimidating.

He messaged Hannibal back, telling him to bring whatever he'd like to drink, and he tacked a smiley face on the end for good measure. Hannibal replied instantly with a picture of three bottles: a red wine, white wine, and a pink champagne. He'd asked if Will if it was okay to bring all three. Will laughed aloud, making Buster nose his leg wondering what was so funny, and texted back "of course."

Will eventually let himself come to the conclusion that Hannibal hadn't heard him say that little phrase. He had hung up really quickly, maybe he really had cut himself off. He decided it would probably be better to convince himself of that fact rather than dwell on the cat being out of the bag. He hadn't even really registered how deep his feelings for Hannibal ran for himself - but now that he'd spoken the words he definitely knew it was true.

As he tumbled into bed that night, alarm set bright and early, he said a silent prayer to whoever was listening, hoping that he hadn't royally fucked up this beautiful little game they had started.

~

Hannibal grimaced as his alarm started beeping at 3am. He rolled out of bed directly onto the floor, making himself wake up with a quick round of push-ups, his stomach already rolling in anticipation for the day ahead. He was ready to see Will surrounded by what he loved most: nature, dogs, fishing. Hannibal's cheeks burned as he realized he wanted to be on that list. It seemed closer than he could ever hope, but a casual slip on the phone was not Will really loving him, or being in love with him, for that matter.

After getting his blood flowing a little bit, Hannibal stumbled into the shower and bathed himself in the warm spray, cleaning every inch of his body as he went through his closet mentally, trying to decide what would be best to wear for his day outdoors.

Right on time at 4am, bag of wines in hand, Hannibal slid behind the wheel of his Bentley and began the drive to Will's house. He had decided that layering would be his best bet for the day, so he paired a camel colored sweater over a white button up with loose navy trousers - they tapered at the leg so one could roll them up at the ankle if desired. Hannibal did roll them up, and had laced up a pair of soft leather boots on his feet. His navy overcoat was on because it was still freezing outside right now, even if the weather promised sunshine later on.

He made it to Will's house at just a couple of minutes past five, not feeling too bad since it was early and a Saturday. He was sure he could find some way to get Will to forgive him, anyway. He smirked as he shut off the engine and walked up the porch to find the lights on in the house, front door open but screen door latched. The dogs were milling around Will, and Hannibal could see him packing food in a picnic basket. He tapped softly on the wood panel that outlined the screen, smiling as the dogs rushed towards him and Will lifted his head with a grin.

Hannibal did sense tension radiating off Will even from this distance, but he could also tell that Will was happy to see him. Although Hannibal wanted to greet Will with an "I love you" in return, he pushed that thought away for later. They could talk about it another time...Hannibal shook his head at himself. He knew he'd need to confront it sooner rather than later.

"Winston, let him in," Hannibal watched in amazement as the dog jumped up and pushed down on the door handle with his paws, letting Hannibal successfully swing the screen open. "Good boy!" He called excitedly, Winston racing towards him for a treat.

"I'm very impressed, Winston," Hannibal said with a laugh, petting the other dogs too as he walked into the kitchen. "New tricks?" Will nodded, petting Winston's head. Hannibal set his cooling bag with the wine on the counter, happy to bend down and pet Winston too for a moment, but itching to give Will a good morning kiss.

"Hi Hannibal," Will murmured, biting his lip as Hannibal stood up, now distinctly closer to Will. He didn't shy away from the kiss Hannibal planted on his lips. It was soft and tender, a greeting, and Will accepted it eagerly, deciding the fact that Hannibal had shown up willingly and was kissing him was a good sign that either he had heard and didn't care or hadn't heard and didn't know anything else.

"Good morning, Will," Hannibal leaned his forehead on the younger man's, eyes crinkling with his smile. "I'm ready to be shown the art of fishing."

Will chuckled and slipped out of Hannibal's embrace. "Good. I've got everything loaded up in the car, so let's go," He bounded off toward the door, basket in one hand, before Hannibal reached out and stopped him. He couldn't let the day go on without acknowledging it - he thought he could, but seeing Will in his happy place with his dogs, bright eyed and bushy

tailed in the morning, curls wild and smile soft - he needed the man to know his feelings were valid whether it had been mistakenly said or not. "Hannibal?"

He cocked his head to the side in interest, setting the basket down beside the wine. "Today is very important to me, Will," Hannibal confided, leaning back against the counter. Will nodded slowly, furrowing his brow. "I want it to be perfect. We're experiencing each other's lives in ways we haven't before, and I want every door of possibility to be open."

"Okay," Will said slowly, crossing his arms over his chest. His mind was racing, heartbeat picking up. He was about to tell Will that his feelings must be put under control - Will was nearly certain. But hope prickled somewhere in the back of his mind, relating back to how jealous Alana had seemed of their interactions before they'd even started their secret tryst, pulling up memories of Beverly jabbing him in the ribs during the first few weeks of getting to know Dr. Lecter, whispering in his ear something about "heart eyes."

"Did you mean it?" Hannibal blurted, letting himself forgo his more put together talk for just a moment. "You - you said you loved me, on the phone. It was obviously a slip, a reaction that many people have, but I just need to know if you meant it."

Hannibal never spoke like that, jumbled together, blush rising on his face as he stumbled around sentences. A slow smile spread across Will's face as he saw for the first time.

"I meant it," He spoke honestly, letting his arms drop, loosening his posture. "I didn't mean to say it at the time - hell, I didn't even register that I did until after I'd said it. But yes, I meant it." Even though he was being honest with Hannibal, he couldn't bring himself to say the words again right now. Not until Hannibal said them too.

"Will," Hannibal stepped closer, biting his lip. "Surely you must know by now."

"Know what?" Will looked suspiciously cute, like one of his dogs, when he tilted his head to the side. It made Hannibal smile.

"That I've loved you ever since I first laid eyes on you."

Will's intake of breath resounded in the silence of the room. "Jesus, Hannibal. No one just says shit like that," Will laughed, cheeks pink. "But you do. And I love that about you."

Hannibal stepped closer again, now toe to toe. "Say it again, Will. Please."

Will sighed dramatically, hardly believing that the words he wasn't sure existed in his vocabulary now seemed so easy to say aloud. "I love you, Hannibal." He swallowed thickly as the weight of it set in. The words rested between them for mere seconds before Hannibal swept Will up into a kiss, this one almost too heady for 5:15 in the morning.

They broke apart after a moment, Will eyes half-closed, a goofy smile on his lips. "To think this started with me telling you I was having wet dreams." Hannibal shook with laughter as he pulled Will further against his body.

"Let's go have a wonderful day together, my love," Hannibal said after a moment, smiling down at him. "I hope you know how happy I am."

He'd never seen Hannibal's eyes shine or smile stretch quite like they were right now. "Mmm, I think I have an idea," Will leaned up and pecked his lips before extracting himself from their embrace. "Come on, I wanted to be at the water right at sunrise."

He grabbed the basket, Hannibal grabbed the wine, and together they herded the dogs through the door and to the car as the sky began to lighten. A weight was off both their shoulders, and as Will held Hannibal's hand during the drive to the water, Buster and Winston poking their noses through the front seat to get in on the action, he knew their relationship was the best thing that had ever happened to him.

~

"It's beautiful," Hannibal murmured, head resting on Will's shoulder as they watched the sunrise coming up through the trees. The dogs were milling around, some happy to lay down next to them as they took in the first part of the day. The quilt Will had packed to sit on kept the cold dew from seeping into their clothes, and one corner of it was tucked over their laps as they waited for it to get lighter outside so Will could start to fish.

"It is," Will agreed. "I never get tired of seeing it. Whenever I go somewhere new, if I can, I try to watch a sunrise there at least once."

"Have you ever been to Florence, Will?" Hannibal asked, peering up at him, happy to keep using Will's shoulder as a pillow.

"No," Will smiled at the thought of Hannibal in the Italian sunshine. He'd be in his element. "I'd like to go sometime, though."

"Good. I should like to show you Florence." Hannibal ran his fingers up Will's arm, smiling as the hairs stood up on end. "We'll go someday soon. Okay?"

"Okay," Will looked back down at him with a soft expression before pressing a kiss to his forehead.

They sat together in silence for just a little while longer until the fog was beginning to clear over the water. At that point Will got out his gear, explaining each and every part to Hannibal, who listened intently, a small smile on his face the whole time Will talked. He may or may not have watched Will's face instead of what his hands were showing him, but that was fine.

"Of course you cast perfectly on the first try," Will said a few minutes later with his hands on his hips, smiling. Hannibal looked over at him and grinned.

"You know I'm a quick learner, Will," He nudged Will's shoulder as he casted his own line a couple of moments later. "And you're a good teacher."

"Yes," Will nudged him back. "I am."

~

Will could hardly believe another dream coming true before his very eyes a couple of hours later. He stood in the water, clear blue sky overhead, letting his line bob lazily as Hannibal sat in the shade where their blanket was. Boots and socks discarded, sweater folded neatly next to them, his hair fell into his eyes as he bent over his sketch pad, pencil skating furiously across the paper as he took a likeness of Will. He had left the fishing to Will after about an hour of standing and only one nibble that got away, giving Will a kiss and telling him that he was the fisherman, not Hannibal.

Will took a mental picture of the sight as Hannibal looked up at him and squinted in the sunlight. "This was one of my dreams too, you know," Will called from the water. Hannibal's pencil stopped moving and he cocked his head to the side in interest.

"I had a daydream we were out here, together. You sketching me, barefoot and beautiful. It eventually went somewhere else," Will laughed. "But I enjoyed every part of it, just like I am now."

Hannibal reached over to the bag resting on the grass, pulling out champagne. "You should come toast with me, Will," Two glasses came out of the bag as well. Will watched him pop open the champagne and fill up the glasses, holding both up in invitation. "Take a little break."

Will suddenly had a feeling that it wouldn't be just a little break if he got to rolling around with Hannibal in the grass but he didn't mind. He trudged back up the bank and kicked off his wet rubber boots, stripping off his thick socks too, before dipping down to grab one of the glasses.

"To dreams coming true," Hannibal winked, watching Will take a sip first. "I'd also like to hear about what else happened after I sketched you, Will."

Grinning, Will knelt down beside Hannibal and opened the picnic basket. "Why don't I just show you instead?" He grabbed a strawberry and held it out to Hannibal, who leaned forward and took a bite, keeping his eyes locked on Will's. "Hannibal." Will breathed as a pink tongue darted out to lick the juice that slid down his index and middle fingers.

"Sweet," Hannibal murmured, licking his lips, smirking. "Taste." He held up one as well, and Will bit down, actually letting out a small noise of surprise at how good it tasted.

He sucked lightly on the web of Hannibal's fingers where the juice drip had gathered, smiling. Hannibal dropped the green bit of the strawberry he was still holding in favor of tangling his hand into Will's curls, pulling him up for a kiss.

"Tastes even sweeter coming from your mouth," Hannibal murmured as he pulled back, flicking his tongue across Will's bottom lip before taking it in his teeth and tugging. Will maneuvered himself into Hannibal's lap, one knee on either side of his legs, hands running up and down the length of his back, feeling the muscles shift under his shirt. He wanted to ride this man right now, in the great outdoors, and he wanted it bad. He hadn't thought to be prepared for that, though, so he just spoke about it instead.

"I've been - I've been practicing," Will panted as he grounded himself down on Hannibal's stiffening crotch. The champagne lay forgotten beside them. Will should've known they wouldn't last long without getting their hands on each other.

"Practicing what?" Hannibal asked, sucking kisses down his jawline, stopping to bite at the mark he'd left a few days ago that was starting to disappear.

"With my fingers," Will let out a high-pitched sound as Hannibal bit down harder. "I've been fingering myself. Trying to, um, to get ready to take you inside me." Hannibal lifted his head from where he'd been marking creamy skin. His eyes were dark, cheeks flushed. He looked like he wanted to devour Will, and for all intents and purposes, Will really didn't mind.

"Oh Will," Hannibal smirked, fingers tightening in his hair, gauging Will's reaction. When he saw Will's jaw drop a fraction, breath hitch, eyes widen - he knew Will wanted to be taken. And not like a delicate flower, even though Hannibal did plan to really worship every inch of his body before making love to him at some point. "You naughty boy. Fantasizing about me even though you can have me whenever you want. Have you ever been touched by a man there, Will?"

Will whimpered and shook his head quickly. His head was spinning with all the ideas he had about Hannibal punishing him for touching himself.

"Mmm," Hannibal purred, pressing a slow, open-mouthed kiss to Will's waiting lips. "We'll fix that later. After you get what you deserve for touching yourself and not telling me, of course."

Will smarted, hoping to get a rise out of Hannibal. "But I just told you!" His indignation earned him a whack on the ass, and he canted his hips up in response, ducking his head down into Hannibal's chest to hide his smirk.

"When did you finger yourself, Will?" Hannibal lingered on the word finger, pressing his own into Will's ass, encouraging him to rock down again.

"Uh," Will lifted his head, smiling sheepishly, "It was the first time in a while. After our date." Hannibal raised his eyebrows, huffing a laugh.

"Just couldn't stop thinking about me, hm?" Hannibal teased.

Will shook his head. "Never stop thinking about you, Hannibal." Their eyes met for a brief moment before they attacked each other's lips again; this one more frantic than before. Hannibal's hands came up to cup either side of Will's face; lips sucking at his tongue as Will ran his hands down Hannibal's chest, one coming down to rest on top of his hard cock. He squeezed it gently through the soft material of Hannibal's pants, squirming as he broke the kiss.

"I want to get my mouth on you," Will panted, pushing Hannibal back onto his elbows, settling between his legs, one hand working in tandem with Hannibal's own to push his trousers out of the way enough to get his dick free. Will couldn't help the moan that left his lips as he looped his arms around Hannibal's thighs, holding his legs open as he mouthed at

the hard cock peaking out of the band of tiny black underwear. He moved the fabric down and under Hannibal's balls with his lips and teeth, tongue licking a wet stripe up the straining cock as soon as it was free to stand proud on its own.

Hannibal's hands immediately grasped Will's hair as those swollen lips began teasing the head of his cock, a groan tumbling from his lips as Will suckled gently, looking up at Hannibal with those blue eyes sparkling. "So hungry for my cock, Will," he cooed as best he could, a satisfied smile on his face as Will blushed, nodding his head as he took more in his mouth, throat working already as he tried to go further and further.

His tongue swirled around the hot silken flesh, creating an easier slide, but Will pulled off after a minute, looking blissed out and turned on as he rested his cheek against Hannibal's thigh. His eyes were very much focused on the leaking cock in front of him, and his tongue dipped out to taste the fluid pooling at the head when he wrapped his fist around the length and began to tug.

At the taste, Will sighed contentedly and swirled his tongue around in his closed mouth for a second, letting spit pool generously before opening his mouth and leaning over Hannibal's flushed length, the spit dripping down as he spread it with his hand. Hannibal made a weak sound at the sight, trying to push himself further up on his elbows to see better. Will just grinned up at him before swallowing his cock again, now so relaxed and aching between his own legs that he bobbed his head quicker, paused to suck harder, lave and suckle at his balls, ensuring those were slick with his spit too, absolutely lost in the world of pleasuring Hannibal with his mouth.

"Will," Hannibal tugged hard at the curls that had become somewhat tangled in the morning wind. "I'm - I'm close," Will moaned around him, feeling the tell-tale precum drip on his tongue heavier. He wanted Hannibal's release in his mouth; he wanted it to coat his tongue and lips.

Will pulled off a little more, sucking at the head, and that finished him. Will's eyes widened in surprise as Hannibal's hips lifted of their own accord, pushing his cock further into Will's mouth as his release spilled out over his tongue. Will's surprise caused his lips to part a little, and some of what he couldn't swallow quick enough dribbled out the side of his mouth, down his chin. Will quickly used his hand to steady the still hard cock, tongue dipping into the head one more time to ensure every drop had been given to Will. A weak spurt followed his ministrations before Hannibal moaned almost painfully, fingers tugging Will's head back.

"That's - oh, Will," Hannibal collapsed back on to the blanket, legs extending around Will's body between his thighs as he worked through post-orgasm haze. "My darling, beautiful boy. Your mouth will be the end of me yet." Will grinned as he licked his lips, settling the side of his face that didn't have the accidental spurt of come on Hannibal's sweaty thigh. He sucked a quick kiss to the soft skin as Hannibal caught his breath, one arm slung over his eyes.

As much as Will wanted to do something about the aching length in his pants, he had a better idea, and voiced it when Hannibal started to rouse to return the favor. "No," Will said, pushing Hannibal's hand away with a blush. "I want to wait."

"Wait?" Hannibal prompted, looking a little smug.

"When we get back to the house," Will started, kissing Hannibal softly, "I'm going to ride you until my legs give out, and have the best orgasm of my life. So. I want to wait to come with your cock inside me." Hannibal stared at Will, lips parted, before he suddenly rolled them over, trapping Will underneath him on the blanket with a growl.

He pressed his hips to Will's, cock giving a twitch as Will's back arched and head lolled to the side, baring his pretty neck littered with tiny sucks and bites from Hannibal's mouth. "If you insist, Will. You can wait," Will nodded, mumbling something incoherent, before Hannibal made himself roll off Will's pliant body and sit up. "What do you say we have a little brunch now?"

Will opened his eyes, dick very much still hard and poking at his fly, and he winced as he sat up, too. He willed it to go down, but had a feeling it wouldn't do much if Hannibal kept eating strawberries like he had a few minutes ago. "I could eat." Will winked when Hannibal smirked.

"Mmm, I know you can," Hannibal added, making Will laugh. They settled together on the blanket as Hannibal began getting out the various foods Will had packed, Will smiling whenever Hannibal made noises of approval at his choice of cheese or meat.

Although he was eager to get back home, he was going to enjoy the rest of the morning and afternoon first.

~

Chapter End Notes

I am so sorry for the long wait with this chapter...writers block is a bitch. I've started working on a few other things though and that got the ball rolling for this one again. I hope this chapter is enjoyable!!

(next time Will is going to bottom yay!!)

stay hungry friends :) kudos/comments/etc are always appreciated! <3

this is where the fun includes some spanking (and fluff)

Chapter Summary

Will gives Hannibal the ride of his life.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The tension was thick on their short ride back to Will's house after the rest of the afternoon was spent lazing away, Will fishing and Hannibal drawing, frequent breaks taken to exchange kisses and run around to play with the dogs. Will's dogs had taken quite the liking to Hannibal, and Hannibal was surprised at himself for not minding. Pets were not really his thing, but he knew they took care of Will, and that made him love them, in a way.

Hannibal's hand rested on Will's thigh as he drove back, the heat of his palm making Will shift in anticipation, feeling nervous and excited not unlike the time he'd been given his first hand job - although he was certain this experience would turn out to be much, much better than that one.

"Come on," Will whistled at his dogs to hop out of the car as Hannibal retrieved the remnants of their picnic from the trunk. He settled everyone with their dinner inside before turning back to Hannibal, who was leaning against the kitchen counter watching him with a smile on his face. "What?"

He was blushing, and Hannibal found it deeply endearing. Will's salacious promise from earlier hung between them, and although it was indeed dinnertime, food and cooking were not the things Hannibal wanted to be doing in that moment.

"You're beautiful," Hannibal said simply, shrugging. Will smiled softly and walked over to the doctor, hands sliding up his chest to clasp around the back of his neck before pulling him down into a kiss. It was a sweet slide of lips and tongue, a taste neither could get enough of.

"You're pretty gorgeous yourself, Dr. Lecter," Will's lips brushed his as he spoke. "Why don't you find my bedroom. I'll be there in a minute." Will grinned as Hannibal swallowed, nodding. He turned and walked off without another word, glancing behind his shoulder to see Will watching him as he did.

Will took his time making sure the dogs were situated, not only to calm his nerves but to rein himself in. There was a heady desire clawing at him, all of his dreams coming together, and he knew Hannibal was expecting something slow, perhaps even sweet, as Will opened his body to a man for the first time - but no. That wasn't what Will had in mind.

Eventually, Will made his way to the bedroom to find Hannibal perusing the book on his nightstand - a collection of Walt Whitman's poetry - barefoot and free of the sweater he'd had on over his button-up. His hair was slightly disheveled; he hadn't bothered to slick it back again after he'd removed the sweater.

Noticing Will's presence, Hannibal sat the book down and smiled softly, eyes darkening as he took in the lustful look Will was unable to keep from covering his features. "On the bed, Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal complied immediately, fingers gripping the sheets as he observed Will beginning to strip. Will took the time to fold his shirt and place it in the chest of drawers, coil his belt up into a loop and place it on the top of the same chest. He undid his trousers without ceremony, letting those fall to the floor in a heap, stepping out of them to circle the bed, eyes flicking amused to the obvious tent in Hannibal's pants.

"So eager," Will reached out to run a finger along the length, smirking as Hannibal's breath hitched in time with his hips. "But you'll have to wait a little bit longer." Hannibal whimpered slightly as Will's feathered touch retreated to rid himself of the last offending piece of clothing on his body, before he stood stark naked and climbed on the bed, knees bracketing Hannibal's hips.

His bare erection brushed Hannibal's clothed one, and Will sighed in pleasure at the odd feeling, rocking his hips a bit more, cooing down at Hannibal who was doing his best not to touch even though Will hadn't explicitly told him that he couldn't.

"I want you to watch me," Will confessed, leaning low over Hannibal's chest to smoosh his face in the fabric that covered the furred pecs he found himself inescapably attracted to. "Watch me while I open myself up for your cock. How does that sound?" Hannibal groaned, finally giving into his urge, fingers gripping Will's bare hips hard enough to make Will moan in a strange mix of pain and pleasure that he knew he'd never get used to - or get enough of.

"You'll make me suffer like that?" Hannibal practically growled, baring his neck to accept Will's sucks and kisses at his skin. "You'll be beautiful, dear Will, showing me just how much you've practiced to have me in your body, but you must let me touch you."

Will sat up quickly, hands coming to grasp Hannibal's wrists. "I must?" He questioned wryly, grinding his hips down particularly harshly. "Where's the good boy who followed my orders earlier? Waited for me patiently, kept his hands by his side to see me undress myself?" Hannibal's lip twitched at being called "good boy." His pulse quickened under Will's steely gaze, blue eyes not leaving his face, searching for every indication that Hannibal's desire was present.

"Your good boy just wants to touch you, Will," He almost whispered, eyes widening as Will wrenched his grip off slim hips, quickly maneuvering to press Hannibal's wrists at the top of the bed with one hand. "Please."

Will's lips brushed his, curved up in a smile. "Mmm, I do like it when you say please. But you're not winning this one, Dr. Lecter." He purred the honorific, flicking his tongue across Hannibal's top lip.

"Will," Hannibal squirmed, making the man straddling him press his wrists further into the pillow above his head. Hannibal could easily flip them over if he wanted to - but he chose not to. He liked this side of Will, and he knew Will could do more if he fought back. The thought made him twitch dangerously in his pants.

Will sat up suddenly, releasing Hannibal's wrists, letting out a satisfied sound when Hannibal kept them there of his own volition.

He leaned over to grab the bottle of half-used lube from his bedside drawer, pushing it shut carelessly as he flicked the top of the container open and coated the fingers of his right hand liberally. Scooting back down Hannibal's body, the hand not sticky with lube began to undo the buttons of Hannibal's shirt, and he leaned down to mouth at the now-bared chest as he began circling fingers around his opening.

Will's moan echoed in the otherwise quiet room as he slipped a finger inside, tongue coming to circle a peaked nipple, smiling at the feeling of Hannibal's body clenching underneath him in pleasure. He tugged lightly at the same nipple with his teeth as he added a second finger, impatient with himself.

"Fuck," Will's forehead dropped against Hannibal's slightly sweaty chest as he scissored his fingers, cock leaking against Hannibal's own that was still covered by fabric. Looking up, he saw Hannibal staring at him with rapt attention, mouth open, arms flexing with effort as his fingers twitched in earnest to touch. "It feels so good, Hannibal."

He punctuated his words with a timed press to his prostate, shifting up Hannibal's body unintentionally as his back bowed with pleasure. "Let me see," Hannibal hissed: if he couldn't have his own fingers sliding in and out of Will's eager opening yet, he could at least sate himself with the sight of Will's glistening fingers doing it himself. "Please, Will, let me fucking see you."

The curses were out of character anywhere but the bedroom. Here, in throes of pleasure with his beloved, they only served to fill out the raw desire he felt. With little trouble, Will turned himself around, fingers only slipping out momentarily before he situated himself, index and middle sliding back in with no resistance.

Will felt Hannibal's gaze boring into his backside, shivering at the loud moan Hannibal let out upon seeing Will's preparation. He let himself fall forward between Hannibal's spread legs, forehead pressed to the mattress as he wiggled around, fitting a third finger in next to the two he thrusted greedily into himself.

"Will, please," Hannibal sounded pained, hips thrusting up, barely brushing Will's dick hanging heavy between his thighs as a string of precum dripped onto Hannibal's pants. Will wiggled his hips a little bit as he stretched himself further, feeling full with three fingers but knowing Hannibal's cock was going to make him feel a lot fuller. "Baby, please."

Will's back arched, his skin on fire as he realized how much he was aching for Hannibal's solid touch. He withdrew his fingers, whining at the sensation, nodding his head as indication for Hannibal to touch. Hannibal sat up instantly as soon as he saw the curly head give permission, hands palming smooth, round cheeks open to bare the wet hole for closer

inspection. He was throbbing painfully in his pants, desperately needing relief, but all he could think about was getting his mouth on the precious pink furl that no one else had gotten to kiss before.

The first swipe of his tongue on Will's relaxed opening had Will nearly knocking Hannibal off-balance; his head jerked up in surprise and hips moved back into Hannibal's face, prompting a laugh from the other man. "Shit, Hannibal," Will tossed a look over his shoulder, unable to hold his laugh back either as he shook his hips lightly for more.

"Who's eager now, Will?" Hannibal swatted his ass playfully but didn't miss how Will immediately turned red and pressed his face back into the mattress. "Will."

"Could you," Will squirmed, Hannibal's fingers pressing into his ass more firmly, breath ghosting over him as he leaned in to press a kiss to Will's rim. "Do it again."

"You'll have to be more specific," Hannibal murmured against his skin, one hand sliding up to caress Will's spine, admiring its curvature.

"I - I had a dream you spanked me once," Will managed, feeling Hannibal still behind him. "You punished me for touching myself."

Hannibal hummed in interest, nipping at the place where thigh and ass cheek met as his hands continued their journey around Will's back and ass. "Tell me more, Will."

Will moaned helplessly as Hannibal pressed another kiss to his hole, tongue darting out to slick the way, trying to find the words to continue. "You just, ah, you put me over your knee and," He pushed his hips back into Hannibal's willing face, the filthy sound making the flush of his cheeks spread to his chest, "And fucking spanked me, Hannibal, Hannibal!" The vicious suck to his rim made him clutch Hannibal's leg tightly.

An open palm reared back and connected with flesh with a pop, and Will's entire body tensed up as he unexpectedly fought off his impending orgasm. "Shit," He whined, barely registering the shift in their position until he was face to face with Hannibal, still in his lap, but no longer with his ass in the air. Their kiss was filthy; Will wondered if he should care that he was sucking on the tongue that was just in his ass but he couldn't find it in himself to, so he surrendered himself to it anyway, feverishly grinding down on Hannibal, hands scrabbling to push the unbuttoned shirt off his arms and undo the pants still on his waist.

Hannibal gently rolled Will off him long enough to kick his pants and undergarments off the bed, before he sat up and patted his bare leg invitingly, smirk on his lips. "You were very rude earlier, not letting me open you up for my cock, Will," He purred, eyes flicking to Will's swollen bottom lip as Will bit down on it to hold back a sound. "I think that deserves a little punishment, don't you?"

"Yes," Will breathed, pushing back sweaty curls from his forehead as he draped himself over Hannibal's lap, licking his lips as he caught sight of Hannibal's angry-looking erection jutting proudly and leaking furiously. He felt it press against his stomach and he looked back at Hannibal with wide eyes, blushing.

Hannibal smirked at the thought that Will's ass cheeks were soon going to resemble the flush on his face.

Without warning, his hand connected, the smack teasing but promising. He repeated on the other side, the flesh bouncing prettily back into place. A constant stream of little cries left Will's lips as Hannibal's slaps continued. He could feel Will's cock rubbing against his thigh as he got more and more impatient, and that was when Hannibal let a true slap connect.

"Fuck!" Will jerked at the sensation of harrowing pain and pleasure as heat filled the skin where Hannibal's hand had landed. Before he could truly register it, another slap followed just below. "Oh, god," Another, and another, and another. All right after the other, hard enough to make Will's ass sting with heat until his eyes watered.

"Does that feel good, Will? Knowing you're getting what you deserve?" Fingers pressed into a red imprint, making Will arch his back. He wanted to feel it when he sat down tomorrow.

"Harder, Hannibal," Will begged, looking over his shoulder again, eyes glistening. Hannibal gazed at him intensely as he delivered, his handprint visible on the meat of Will's ass. He repeated so there was a matching print on the other side, and smiled softly down at Will after he did, knowing that was where the spanking would come to an end for the night. He pulled Will up from his bent over position, pressing kisses all over his face as Will clung to him, hands roaming warm skin and fingernails dragging down his back as his mind caught back up with their activities.

"Thank you," Will murmured against Hannibal's lips before kissing him gently, tugging at the soft hair of his nape. Hannibal made a noise of approval into Will's mouth, tracing the V of his hips with light fingers until he reached Will's cock and pumped it slowly. Will let go of Hannibal long enough to find the lube that had been tossed carelessly on the mattress earlier, and he pushed Hannibal back down to his position laying down, straddling his thighs once more.

Will coated Hannibal's thick cock, lube and precum mixing together in a delicious slide as he moved his fist up and down slowly. He took a deep breath as he positioned himself over Hannibal, holding the base of him as the head brushed his slightly tacky rim. He smeared the precum and lube that was on the head around himself before letting Hannibal's cockhead penetrate.

"Oh," Will whispered, eyes fluttering shut. He wanted to drop down immediately, but it erred on the side of too painful for him to consider going that far just yet. So, he adjusted, thighs burning, until he was halfway seated and more comfortable - and then he sat fully, hands landing on Hannibal's chest with a smack as the breath was knocked out of him at the feeling of being so full. So full of Hannibal.

"Will," Hannibal moaned his name at the heat surrounding his cock, the tightness and slick slide unparalleled as Will began to rock slightly, unsure of his movement at first until Hannibal's hands settled on his hips to guide him. "So tight, Will. So good for me." He watched as Will straightened, throwing his shoulders back with intention to find his rhythm.

And find it, he did. His promise from earlier was not about to be broken - he did intend to ride Hannibal until he could no longer, and he was thankful that the two of them were close already. His thighs were burning in the best way possible as he bounced quicker, moaning at the drag of Hannibal's bare cock inside, his own hands running through his hair and pinching his nipples, unaware that he was doing so but doing it all the same. Hannibal was enraptured with the sight of Will taking his pleasure; he was happy to leave his fingerprints on Will's hipbones as a reminder that he kept Will grounded as he rode Hannibal's cock for the first time.

"More," Will cried out as Hannibal shifted slightly, unintentionally thrusting up as Will slammed back down, the slap of Hannibal's thighs coming in contact with Will's reddened ass making Will's cock spurt another bout of precum. "God, Hannibal, ah, ah -" The little punched out sounds came from both men as Hannibal began to thrust up in tandem with Will's rhythm, and it was evident that neither would last much longer.

"Can I come in you, Will?" Hannibal barely got the question out, every inch of his body tingling with impending release as Will clenched around him upon hearing the question.

"Yes, god, Hannibal, please," Will whined, eyes shut tightly as the head of Hannibal's cock nailed his prostate, making his cock jerk untouched. "Please, I'm so close, please," That was the only encouragement Hannibal needed to flip them over for the last moments of their coupling.

Will's leg stretched out over Hannibal's shoulder as he thrusted hard and fast one, two, three times before he stuttered, warmth filling Will and triggering his own orgasm. "Oh fuck," Hannibal muttered, taking in the sight of Will's cock shooting ropes of cum across his chest, drops scattered to his shoulders as Hannibal fucked him through the last moments of both their release until Will was squirming from overstimulation and Hannibal's dick softened inside him.

"Hannibal," Will stretched, voice hoarse, the ache of Hannibal's cock slipping from him and curious feel of the release dripping out of his stretched hole making him reach out for Hannibal's embrace. Will knew they both drifted off to sleep even though they were a sticky, sweaty mess.

A few minutes of rest had them rousing against each other, bodies tired but needing to be moved. "Will, my darling," Hannibal sighed, arms tight around him, pressing kisses wherever he could reach.

"Mmmm," Will hummed, looking up at him with sleepy eyes, the blissful look still on his face.

"We should shower," Hannibal smiled, happier than he could ever remember being before. "Come on, my love."

"Hannibal," Will whispered, once they were under the shower spray, clutching each other in the water as they rinsed the day off. "I love you."

"And I love you, dear Will."

~

Chapter End Notes

clears throat well i hope this was enjoyable for you all

thanks for your kudos/comments/etc, this fic is so fun to just mess around with. keep an eye out for more from me soon, i have some ideas brewing.

stay hungry my friends <3

End Notes

there are many fics about this but i wanted to write my own so here we are. more tags will be added as sexy-times ensue. thanks for reading, y'all <3 leave a kudos/comment if you feel so inclined!

i don't have an update schedule, so i'll be posting chapters whenever.

find me on twitter: @ally_will_ :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!